

Music & Letters

A Quarterly Publication

CONTENTS

Editorial

Song-Translations	<i>Various Authors</i>
The Practice of Song-Translation .	<i>M.-D. Calvocoressi</i>
Music and Architecture	<i>Paul Waterhouse</i>
Repose in Music	<i>Basil de Selincourt</i>
Repertory Opera in Birmingham .	<i>Sydney Grew</i>
Savitri, an Opera from the Sanskrit	<i>J. B. Trend</i>
The Plain Man and His Music .	<i>Francis Toye</i>
A Violoncello Lesson	<i>The Editor</i>
Written at Random	<i>A. Brent Smith</i>
Music Pure and Applied	<i>W. P. James</i>

Reviews of Books. Correspondence.

Price Five Shillings

Copies are to be had of
THE MANAGER, MUSIC AND LETTERS,
22, ESSEX STREET, LONDON, W.C. 2,
and through all booksellers and newsagents

Published for the Proprietor by
G. W. HOLT, 22, ESSEX STREET, W.C. 2.

Printed by
GEORGE BERRIDGE & CO., 174, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C. 4.

176



A
176

Royal Choral Society.

Patron—H.M. THE KING.

President—H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.

Vice-President—The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Shaftesbury, K.P., K.C.V.O.

Chorus and Orchestra, 1,000.

Fifty-First Season, 1921-1922.

SATURDAY, 29th OCTOBER, 1921,

At 2.30 p.m.

Elijah

Mendelssohn.

MISS AGNES NICHOLLS.
MISS NANCY WILLIAMS.

MADAME KIRKBY LUNN.
MISS DOROTHY CLARK.

MR. BEN DAVIES.
Mr. GLYN DOWELL.

MR. EDWARD HALLAND.
MR. HERBERT BROWN.

SATURDAY, 26th NOVEMBER, 1921,

At 2.30 p.m.

The Music Makers

Elgar.

The Golden Legend

Sullivan.

MISS DORIS VANE.
MISS PHYLLIS LETT.
MR. WALTER HYDE.
MR. WALTER SAULL.
MR. CHARLES TREE.

SATURDAY, 17th DECEMBER, 1921,

At 2.30 p.m.

Carols

MISS LAURA EVANS-WILLIAMS.
MISS OLGA HALEY.
MR. JOHN COATES.
MR. HARRY DEARTH.

SATURDAY, 7th JANUARY, 1922,

At 2.30 p.m.

Messiah

Handel.

MISS CARRIE TUBB.
MISS PHYLLIS LETT.
MR. WILLIAM BOLAND.
MR. ROBERT RADFORD.

A Subscription List is now open for the Series of Seven Concerts. Subscribers have the privilege of attending the weekly rehearsals of the Society at the Royal Albert Hall on Monday evenings, throughout the Season, at 7 o'clock.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE SERIES OF SEVEN CONCERTS.

Stalls, £2 : 14 : 6; Arena, £1 : 19 : 0; Balcony, £1 : 7 : 6.

BOXES:

Grand Tier, £22 : 15 : 0 (10 Seats); Loggia, £18 : 4 : 0 (8 Seats).

Second Tier, £11 : 7 : 6 (5 Seats).

Subscribers' names will be received and tickets issued at the Booking Office, Royal Albert Hall, and the usual Agents.

W. G. ROTHERY, *Secretary.*

The Royal College of Music.

INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER. 1883.

Prince Consort Road, South Kensington, LONDON, S.W. 7.
Telegraphic Address: "Initiative, Southkens, London." Telephone: "1160, Western."

Patron—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

Director—Sir HUGH P. ALLEN, M.A., D.Mus.

Hon. Secretary—GEORGE A. MACMILLAN, Esq., D.Litt.

Registrar—CLAUDE AVELING, Esq., B.A.

THE COLLEGE offers a complete course of musical instruction to pupils, both professional and amateur, by teachers of the highest eminence in all branches. Pupils when sufficiently advanced have the opportunity of putting their knowledge into practice at the Ensemble rehearsals, the Orchestral practices, the frequent College Concerts, and the Opera Class. Upwards of seventy Scholarships and Exhibitions have been founded, a portion of which are competed for annually. They provide free musical education and in some cases, a grant towards maintenance. There are also Exhibitions, Prizes, and, other pecuniary advantages, for particulars of which see the Syllabus.

The Tuition Fee is £12 12s. per term, which includes a Principal and Second Study, as well as paper work, classes, &c.

A JUNIOR DEPARTMENT is established for pupils up to 16 years of age. Fee £6 6s. per term for one Subject with Rudiments of Music and Harmony. Entrance Fee £1 1s.

The Entrance Examination Fee is £2 2s.

Special Teachers' Training Course Classes have been arranged to meet the Requirements of the Teachers' Registration Council.

An examination for "Associateship of the Royal College of Music" (A.R.C.M.) is held yearly. It is conducted by the Director and Professors of the College. The fee for this examination is £5 5s.

The College Syllabus and all further particulars can be obtained by application to the Registrar.

The Royal College of Music Patrons' Fund (Founded by Sir S. Ernest Palmer, Bart.), for the encouragement of British Composers and Executive Artists. Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar.

The Guildhall School of Music

John Carpenter Street, Victoria Embankment, London, E.C. 4.

(Established by the Corporation of London in 1880.)

Principal: LANDON RONALD.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC was established in September, 1880, for the purpose of providing high-class instruction in the art and science of Music at moderate cost to the Student.

The year is divided into *THREE TERMS* arranged to commence as follows:—*Third Monday in September* (12 weeks); *Second Monday in January* (12 weeks); *Fourth Monday in April* (12 weeks).

Forms of Entry can be obtained on application to the Secretary. Students (Professional or Amateur) of any age received.

The Fees for Amateur Students vary according to the Professor selected, and range from £2 2s. 6d. to £6 2s. 6d. per Term of 12 weeks.

The Fees for Students desiring a Complete Musical Education are of two grades: £9 9s. 0d. and £12 12s. 0d. per Term. Students cannot enter for Class Tuition only.

One hundred and ten Scholarships and Prizes competed for annually in June.

School Orchestra, Fridays, 11 a.m. Under the direction of the Principal and Assistants.

Chamber Music, Harmony and Elocution Classes. RUDIMENTS CLASSES, SIGHT SINGING and SIGHT READING (Instrumental) Classes, are available at low fees to Students taking private tuition. ORGAN LESSONS given daily (evening lessons arranged).

The Local Centres and Local Schools Examinations are open to the Students of the School and Public generally in the following subjects:—Pianoforte, Singing, Sight Singing, Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Double Bass, all Wind and Brass Instruments, Harp, Harmony, Organ, Elocution, Accompanying and Timpani. Syllabus can be had post free on application.

Autumn Half-Term commences Monday, October 31st.

H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary

Telephone—Central 4453. Telegrams—"Euphonium, Fleet, London."

Music and Letters

OCTOBER, 1921

VOLUME II.

NUMBER 4

EDITORIAL

HERE is a second batch of translations of Schubert.

Schubert could, no doubt, have set Euclid or a railway ticket to music if had ever seen either, and no singer has ever felt any lack of conviction in his voice parts. But he was also the first song-writer to recognise that the whole story cannot be told by the voice; he accustomed us to look for that enhancement which comes from persistent figure, surprising modulations and a moving bass. He changed the hegemony of the voice from a despotic to a constitutional monarchy. The work of his seventeen years (1811—1828) is the rock upon which a whole century of songwriters has built, and, as Sir Charles Stanford recently said in these pages (Vol. II., p. 29), any composer whose works have lasted one hundred years and still hold the public taste, belongs to the unselfish race of artists. There is no doubt as to the hundred years; the question is whether he still holds the public taste. Our attention has been turned by force of circumstances in other directions during the last seven years, and taste has thereby been made more catholic. We should come to him again now with another but not a less appreciative mind. Did we ever really explore him? Do we know not only the half-dozen famous songs of the *Winterreise*, but the other dozen and a half which wait for the discerning ear? Most people know something under a hundred in all; but there are 608, and among them many, as Heine tells us of the people of Düsseldorf, "of whom my mother says it would be better if they were still alive."

No encomiums, however, will make songs live. The singer of genius must do that. Translations may help him, though. Even if he does not actually sing them, the fact of their being thought worth translating and the look of the words in plain English may help him to find the songs he wants. As to singing translations, are not people rather shy about it than they need be? On a particular occasion one of the least attractive versions of the Erlking was being used by a capable singer, and she put such spirit into it with so musical a voice that one was able to accept the words as adequate for the purpose; and the reason seemed to be that she was singing a language she understood and trying to say something with it she believed worth saying, even if the sentences were not so expressive as they might have been. However, we cannot expect that to happen always, and it is anyhow no excuse for bad translations.

Some at least of the distaste for translations—and something like half our hymns are translations—comes from their being exposed to the white light that beats upon the hymn-book and the concert programme, whereby the work is regarded not as ancillary to music, which it is, but as the substantive poem, which it is not. Under this sort of microscope things easily get out of focus. The best songs and hymns are often those we know by heart—but for which circumstance poems like the *Works and Days*, the *Laws of Manu*, and *Æsop's Fables* (all originally chanted) would hardly have survived to exercise the wits of modern commentators—and to know by heart is to attend to the spirit rather than the letter. We may, indeed, commit a song in a foreign tongue to memory, but not as easily or as effectively as we can one in our own. The fact that *Æsop* lived through polyglot incarnations—starting in India, obtaining the name by which we call him in Greece and the form with which we torture youth in Italy, inspiring La Fontaine and reverberating in Grimm and Andersen—has not diminished his popularity. Indeed, if a song were regarded a little more as a fairy tale—the fairy in the music and the tale in the words—we should probably understand it better and enjoy it more.

The scheme of translation here broached has been the occasion of comment in the Press both friendly and wise, and one hardly knows whether to be more grateful for the friendliness or the wisdom, though the latter is easier to discuss. It has been pointed out by more than one writer that in the nature of things translation can never be adequate, since Pegasus must then go in harness; and no poet—I may confess I have tried one or two to see what would happen—no real poet will consent to that. But a poet, a true poet and nothing but a poet, is hardly the man who is wanted. It must be a good musician with a

singer's instincts, or great experience of song in some way, who believes absolutely in the particular song he is tackling and would give a great deal to hear it in his own, his own beautiful language; who does not *think* that this or that "will do," but *know* that no trouble is too great to get the thing that "is right." Then if only half a dozen survive of the dozens he has tried, he has done something, and some other man may do the same by *his* favourites. Whether the fifty or so translations of Schubert which have appeared here reach the average, or even go a little above it, is not for an editor to say; genius, if he has been present, has disguised himself in dialect. It is to be hoped that translations will continue to arrive like the coal buckets on a liner at Port Said, so that the good ships, *Schubert* and others, may go on their way rejoicing. The best translation of all would, no doubt, be made by a committee of two—a musical man of letters and a literary singer working together with zeal and a single eye.

The other point on which valuable comment was given was the question of altering the music; and it must be confessed that the article in the last number opened the door, though unintentionally, to quite undesirable licence. There was no space then to go into the matter, and something is now done, on a later page, to remedy that omission. A considered article on the whole question, with chapter and verse given, would, if the spirit moves anyone to write it, be of great interest to musicians. The *Doppelgänger* is printed below by way of illustrating what seem to be legitimate licences. It exemplifies also the questions of rhyme and scansion. Heine wrote in his first and third lines a rhyming disyllable; the Scotch keeps the rhyme and the English the disyllable, not *vice versa*, and it is for the reader to judge whether this is a loss, and, if so, which is the greater loss. Parry set four sonnets of Shakespeare (Stanley Lucas) and subsequently added a German version, modifying his melody considerably.

SONNET XXIX.

PARRY.

Hap - ly I think on thee, . . . on

Doch denk' ich dein, ist al - ler Gram be - siegt,

thee . . . and then my state.

doch denk' ich dein, ist al ler G am be - siegt, der

Like to the lark at break of day &c.

Ler - che gleich' ich dann . . die früh

One sees that the very important differences between the two melodies do not in the least obscure the individuality of the song. But the translator is not the composer, and that is final: he must confine himself to repetitions and interpolations of the *same note* as an outside limit, if he is to print the composer's name, and must handle even those with sure taste. When a translator comes forward with work as great as Goethe's, let us say, it will be time enough to consider how far we can modify either his on the one hand or Schubert's on the other to enable them to make a perfect song. An instance in point is the "Ave Maria"; shall we modify Scott's original or Schubert's? Probably both, a little; and taste and sense should decide.

The judges say that the songs now printed pass the literary test with, perhaps, not much to spare, and that, as a whole, they fit the music well. Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Alexander Gray have kindly allowed this task to pursue them through a well-earned holiday. As it was necessary to wait for their verdict before corresponding with others who were spending their earnings elsewhere, this number has been unavoidably delayed. Of the songs of which versions have not found a place the most popular with translators have been (in this order) *Leise flehen, Erlkönig, Am Brunnen, Haidenröslein, Tod und Mädchen* and *Am Meer*; there were in all 48 valiant attempts at these, and all that can be said is that a crown of glory awaits anyone who can succeed where so many have tried. It is interesting, if a little irreverent, to notice that Clough succeeded with *Ueber allen Gipfeln* where

Longfellow with *Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen* failed: they were "sent in" as anonymously as the others.

After Schubert comes Brahms, in January. Brahms lends himself to the translator—and it is proposed therefore to be stricter about the standard next time. He has that reticence which Englishmen prize; and though he set several songs of no particular merit—*Wie bist du meine Königin*, *Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht*, and others—he handled them so as to give them a new lease of life. He manages to make that precarious pleasure, the German love-song, acceptable to us—in the *Magelone Lieder*, for instance, *Minnelied*, *Liebestreu*, the two sets of *Liebeslieder* and the inevitable *Vergebliches Ständchen*. He is perhaps greatest in the presence of Nature—*Liebe und Frühling*, *Feldeinsamkeit*, *Lerchengesang*, *Auf dem See*, *O kühler Wald*, *Dämmernd liegt*—and of death—*Auf dem Kirchhofe*, *Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht*, and the *Ernste Gesänge*. He gives the musician something to think about when the poet has, as in *Lerchengesang*, nothing to say, and he ennobles fine words, such as Rückert's *Mit vierzig Jahren*; but he has not the light touch needed for Heine's Rossetti-like *Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenz*, and the charge of being too subtle in the folksongs cannot altogether be rebutted, except for a few such as *Mein Mädel hat ein'n Rosenmund* and *Es steht ein' Lind'*, or that little gem, *Die Nächstigall*.

And after Brahms, Schumann (in April), who should not be difficult, except that he set so much of Heine; of whom, with Horace, Carducci and Verlaine, translators, having been much bit, have learned at last to be shy. Beyond him looms Hugo Wolf, with whom we have been warned to be on our p's and q's; so translators may be advised to begin at once. Meanwhile, if anyone feels man (or woman) enough to tackle the Frenchmen, especially Fauré, Duparc, Chausson, Debussy and the folksongs, his successful efforts will find a place concurrently with the Germans or later on.

Competitors are asked to assist the judges in the following ways:—

- (1) To send their copies typewritten.
- (2) To give the song in full exactly as it will sing,
 - (a) repeating lines, where necessary, or altering them for a repetition,
 - (b) marking in the margin any *important* alteration of the time-values of the notes which they suggest.
- (3) Not to sign the translation, but to enclose with it name and address on a separate sheet.

thee . . . and then my state.

doch denk' ich dein, ist al ler Gam be - siegt, der

Like to the lark at break of day &c.

Ler - che gleich' ich dann . . die früh

One sees that the very important differences between the two melodies do not in the least obscure the individuality of the song. But the translator is not the composer, and that is final: he must confine himself to repetitions and interpolations of the *same note* as an outside limit, if he is to print the composer's name, and must handle even those with sure taste. When a translator comes forward with work as great as Goethe's, let us say, it will be time enough to consider how far we can modify either his on the one hand or Schubert's on the other to enable them to make a perfect song. An instance in point is the "Ave Maria"; shall we modify Scott's original or Schubert's? Probably both, a little; and taste and sense should decide.

The judges say that the songs now printed pass the literary test with, perhaps, not much to spare, and that, as a whole, they fit the music well. Mr. Plunket Greene and Mr. Alexander Gray have kindly allowed this task to pursue them through a well-earned holiday. As it was necessary to wait for their verdict before corresponding with others who were spending their earnings elsewhere, this number has been unavoidably delayed. Of the songs of which versions have not found a place the most popular with translators have been (in this order) *Leise flehen, Erbkönig, Am Brunnen, Haidenröslein, Tod und Mädchen* and *Am Meer*; there were in all 48 valiant attempts at these, and all that can be said is that a crown of glory awaits anyone who can succeed where so many have tried. It is interesting, if a little irreverent, to notice that Clough succeeded with *Ueber allen Gipfeln* where

Longfellow with *Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen* failed: they were "sent in" as anonymously as the others.

After Schubert comes Brahms, in January. Brahms lends himself to the translator—and it is proposed therefore to be stricter about the standard next time. He has that reticence which Englishmen prize; and though he set several songs of no particular merit—*Wie bist du meine Königin*, *Wie rafft' ich mich auf in der Nacht*, and others—he handled them so as to give them a new lease of life. He manages to make that precarious pleasure, the German love-song, acceptable to us—in the *Magelone Lieder*, for instance, *Minnelied*, *Liebestreu*, the two sets of *Liebeslieder* and the inevitable *Vergebliches Ständchen*. He is perhaps greatest in the presence of Nature—*Liebe und Frühling*, *Feldeinsamkeit*, *Lerchengesang*, *Auf dem See*, *O kühler Wald*, *Dämmernd liegt*—and of death—*Auf dem Kirchhofe*, *Der Tod das ist die kühle Nacht*, and the *Ernste Gesänge*. He gives the musician something to think about when the poet has, as in *Lerchengesang*, nothing to say, and he ennobles fine words, such as Rückert's *Mit vierzig Jahren*; but he has not the light touch needed for Heine's Rossetti-like *Es liebt sich so lieblich im Lenz*, and the charge of being too subtle in the folksongs cannot altogether be rebutted, except for a few such as *Mein Mädel hat ein'n Rosenmund* and *Es steht ein' Lind'*, or that little gem, *Die Nichtigall*.

And after Brahms, Schumann (in April), who should not be difficult, except that he set so much of Heine; of whom, with Horace, Carducci and Verlaine, translators, having been much bit, have learned at last to be shy. Beyond him looms Hugo Wolf, with whom we have been warned to be on our p's and q's; so translators may be advised to begin at once. Meanwhile, if anyone feels man (or woman) enough to tackle the Frenchmen, especially Fauré, Duparc, Chausson, Debussy and the folksongs, his successful efforts will find a place concurrently with the Germans or later on.

Competitors are asked to assist the judges in the following ways:—

- (1) To send their copies typewritten.
- (2) To give the song in full exactly as it will sing,
 - (a) repeating lines, where necessary, or altering them for a repetition,
 - (b) marking in the margin any important alteration of the time-values of the notes which they suggest.
- (3) Not to sign the translation, but to enclose with it name and address on a separate sheet.

(4) To quote the first line of the original at the head of the translation, adding, if they wish, an asterisk (see below) and the opus number (if known).

(5) To despatch the whole, on or before November 1, to the Editor, *Music and Letters*, 3, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C. 4.

The copyright of the translation remains in its author's hands; but if he is willing that anyone should sing it in public without fee, he is asked to affix an asterisk. The singer who makes use of this permission may also print it in his programme, if he acknowledges the source with the words "Trans. by . . . (from *Music and Letters*)."

A scheme for widening the scope and the appeal of *Music and Letters* is at present under consideration, and we hope, if all goes well, shortly to be in a position to make an announcement to our readers.

SONG-TRANSLATIONS

I. 4.

Das Wandern* (*W. Müller*).

To wander is the miller's joy—
To wander.
A sorry miller he must be
Who never wandered far and free—
And wandered.

The water 'twas that taught us this—
The water,
That night or day no rest has known,
And still must wander on and on—
The water.

We learn it of the millwheels, too—
The millwheels.
They turn all day with right good will
And love not to be standing still—
The millwheels.

The millstones, too, for all their weight—
The millstones.
They dance along in merry mood
And would go quicker if they could—
The millstones.

To wander is my only joy—
To wander.
O master mine and mistress dear,
Bid me no longer tarry here—
But wander.

CHERRY BROOK.

I. 26.

Thränenregen* (*W. Müller*).

We sat and whispered together
In the alder's shady nook,
And sought each other's glances
Below in the running brook.

The moon was well on her journey
 With all the stars in her train;
 They looked so happy together
 As they shone in the water again.

'Twas not the moon I looked at,
 'Twas not the stars I could see,
 'Twas only her face I saw there,
 'Twas only her eyes, for me.

She nodded her head, in the water,
 With those twinkling eyes of blue,
 The blue-eyed flowers at the brookside
 They nodded and twinkled too.

There in the shining water
 All heaven before me lay;
 It seemed to beckon to me
 And steal my soul away.

There in the murmuring stillness
 The golden gate unbars
 And calls to me—"Comrade, follow
 Beyond the clouds and the stars."

And then, to my brimming vision,
 The mirrored heavens were blurred;
 "Goodbye, the rain's beginning,
 Goodbye!" was all I heard.

CHERRY BROOK.

I. 36.

Der Jäger (W. Müller).

What seeks the bold huntsman so far from his lair?
 Hie back to your forest, your quarry is there.
 There's nought for your hunting, no game shall you see
 Save one little doe here, a tame one, for me.
 And would you my tender young doe behold?
 Your gun leave behind you, my huntsman bold,
 Your loud-barking dogs in the kennel must stay,
 Your swaggering gait you must drop on the way,
 Must shave from your chin the rough bristles that grow,
 Else nought shall you see of my shy little doe.

But better, far better to stride o'er the moor,
 And leave mills and millers in peace as of yore.
 The fish cannot perch in the boughs of a tree,
 Nor chamois disport in the depths of the sea,
 Then off to your forest, proud huntsman, begone,
 Leave me with my three merry mill-wheels alone.
 And would you my sweetheart some courtesy show?
 What gives her annoyance I'll soon let you know.
 Wild boars in the night-time break in from the moors,
 And tread on her garden and ruin her flowers,
 O'er field and o'er meadow they ramp and they rave,
 There's game for your mettle, my huntsman brave.

F. J. SIMPSON.

I. 41.

Die Liebe Farbe* (W. Müller).

Where willows grow I'll find them,
 And in green garlands wind them,
 And all in green go drest—

For green my love likes best.
 Green cyprus-shades are dear to me,
 And gardens green with rosemary—
 For green my love likes best,

'Tis green my love likes best.

Holla! O'er brake and hollow,
 The chase my love will follow,
 In green are hunters drest—

To hunt my love likes best!
 But I, thro' wilds of pain and woe,
 In chase of Death in vain must go—
 To hunt my love likes best,

To hunt my love likes best!

Then lay me, you that love me,
 Where green boughs droop above me,
 With green turf o'er my breast—

'Twas green my love liked best.
 Bring no black cross, no flowers pied,
 Green, all be green, on ev'ry side—
 For green my love liked best,

For green my love liked best!

ELIZABETH MOTT.

My Double.

Very slow.

The night's deid still, there's no . . . a soon',
 Still ist die Nacht, es ru - hen die Gas - sen,
 Still is the night, the streets are de - sert - ed,

in this . . . hoose dwalt the lass I . . . lo'ed.
 in die - sem Hau - se wohn - te mein Schatz.
 Here . . . lived my sweetheart long, long a - go.

It's lang, lang sin' . . . she quat the toon,
 Sie hat schon längst die Stadt ver - las - sen,
 She's left the town, but there, as in old days,

but aye . . . the hoose stands whaur it stude.
 doch steht noch das Haus auf dem sel - ben Platz.
 there stands the house I once used . . . to know.

2
A cal - lant stands, and growps a - büne,
2
Da steht auch ein Mensch, und starrt in die Hö - he,
2
And there stands a man, star - ing up - wards,

he seems to dree the rage . . o' hell . .
und ringt die Hän - de vor Schmerz - ens - gewalt . .
wringing his hands in a fren - zy of pain . .

It gars me grue, . . when by the müne,
mir - graust es wenn ich sein Ant - litz se - he;
I . . shud - der, when the moonlight shows me

I . . see nane ith - er than my - sel' . .
der Mond zeigt mir meine eig - ne Ge - stalt . .
in that pale face, my own face a - gain . .

You ill - dacin' wraith, gae hod your face, What
 Du Dop - pel - gän - ger, du bleich - er Ge - selle, Was
 Youghost, you dou-ble, You haggard com - pan - ion, How

gars you geck at a' the pein that ance I tholed up-on this
 äfft du nach mein Lieb - es-leid das mich - ge-quält auf die - ser
 dare you mock my mis - er - y and ape the pain that here I

place . . . sae mo - - nya nicht in
 Stel - le so manch - e Nacht in
 - auf - fered so ma - - nya night in

auld lang syne? ALEX. GRAY. 6
 al ter Zeit? HEINE. 6
 time gone by? F. G. G.* 6

I. 52.

Des Baches Wiegenlied* (*W. Müller*).

Good night, good night, sleep soft and light,
 Poor tir'd wand'rer, at last you are home.
 Here be your rest on my faithful breast
 Till the brooks to the infinite sea shall come.

I will pillow you cool in a quiet pool,
 In a crystal cave you shall lie full deep;
 My waters shall curl with a tender swirl,
 And sing you and rock you and lull you to sleep.

When the sound of the horn on the breeze is borne,
 My song shall be loud and louder yet;
 Forget-me-nots blue, be true, be true, .
 Close your eyes, let him dream and forget.

Away, away, from the leet to-day;
 Away, away, O fickle maid.
 In my stream let fall your kerchief small,
 To bind those wounds your false heart made.

So good night, good night, till morning light,
 Remember no longer your joy or your pain.
 The moon rides high, the clouds go by,
 And the heav'ns above us are clear again.

CHERRY BROOK.

I. 55.

Gute Nacht* (*W. Müller*).

A stranger I came hither, a stranger I depart;
 Spring filled my mind with fancies, youth fired with hope my heart.
 The maiden heard the voice of love, her mother the marriage bell;
 And now the world's a wilderness with snow on dale and fell.

My going and my coming they are not mine to choose,
 My path beneath the moon is an easy path to lose;
 The shadow that goes with me is still my only friend,
 Along the snowclad upland where human traces end.

Why wait to hear the welcome that they will speak no more?
 I hear the bloodhound baying, I see the bolted door.
 Love was of old a wand'rer, for Nature willed it so,
 From one to other ranging:—"Farewell, dear love, I go."

Dream on! dream on! my going shall ne'er disturb your rest;
 My footsteps shall not wake you, my thought shall not molest.
 One word alone I write you, to read by morning light,
 One prayer alone I leave you:—" Good night, dear love, good night."

DUMINSTER CASTLE.

I. 102.

Im Dorfe* (*W. Müller*).

The watch dogs bay and strain at the staple,
 But bed is the place for all good people—
 To dream of delights far above their level,
 And wish themselves joy of the good and the evil;

But morning comes, and it's all clean forgotten.
 Ah, well! They've had the good things they thought on,
 And are hoping [and hoping] to claim, by right of trover,
 Under their pillows, the goods left over.

Bay yourselves hoarse, then, and strain at the staple;
 Sleep's not for me, as for all other people.
 From now on my place is among the workers,
 What part have I with the dreamers and shirkers?

F. S.

I. 110.

Der Wegweiser* (*W. Müller*).

Why is it I shun the highways
 Where my fellows come and go,
 Ever seeking lonely by-paths
 Over hill-tops clad in snow?

Neither hidden sin nor sorrow
 Makes me seek my kinsmen less;
 What is then this foolish longing
 Drives me in the wilderness?

Finger-posts on all the highways
 Point to cities east and west;
 Yet, remote, I still must wander
 Restless, ever seeking rest.

There's a finger-post, portentous,
 Ever fronts my lonely track;
 There's a road which I must follow
 Where no traveller e'er comes back.

ANON.

I. 212.

Du bist die Ruh (*Rückert*).

Grant me thy peace, Who soothest all	O Spirit blest, my heart's unrest.
Its yearnings Thou I yield it Thee	canst raise and quell. therein to dwell.
Steal softly in, Make here Thy home	then close the door. for evermore.
Vain cares and strife O let me know	henceforth shall cease. thy changeless peace.
Thy presence bright My raptured eyes	alone shall light till their light dies.

H. B. Fitch.

I. 225.

Schäfers Klagelied* (*Goethe*).

Full often I stand on the hillside
As I am standing now,
And on my crook I lean and ponder
And gaze on the valley below.

I follow the sheep at their pasture,
My good dog shepherds them home,
And so come down to the valley
And know not why I am come.

And there is the happy valley,
And there be flowers of every hue;
I gather them all, without thinking
Whom I shall give them to.

The storm it thunders and lightens,
The rain it comes down in a stream . . .
The door over yonder is bolted . . .
For ah, it was only a dream.

And there in my dream is a rainbow,
And over her home it stands;
But she—she is gone on a journey
Away into distant lands—

MUSIC AND LETTERS

Away o'er the lands, and yet further,
 Across the seas, may be;
 Then O, my sheep, for you new pastures,
 A weary heart for me.

ANON.

I. 229.

Ueber allen Gipfeln* (*Goethe*).

Over every hill
 All is still.
 In no leaf of any tree
 Can you see
 The motion of a breath.
 The birds have ceased their song.
 [All the birds have ceased their song.]
 Wait and thou too, ere long
 [Thou] shall be quiet in death.

A. H. CLOUGH.

The words in square brackets are additions inserted for the singer.
 "Shall," not "shalt," in the original.—ED.

I. 244.

Ganymed* (*Goethe*).

Dawn awakens round me,
 Day is bright about me,
 Spring, beloved, thou art here.
 Ten thousand laughing loves
 Now throng about my heart,
 By a breath eternal
 Nurtured in thee,
 The home of all things beautiful.

Oh, could I hold thee here
 Looked in my arms!
 No! In thy embraces
 I now lie fainting.
 Thy waving grasses,
 Thy gay flowers
 Nestle close to my heart.

My soul's o'er-mastering thirst,
 Thou hast slaked it,
 Soft-breathing wind of dawn.
 And hark! The nightingale
 Calls from the mist-clad glen to me.
 I come, I come then!
 Ah, but whither? Oh, whither?

On high, see, on high
 The clouds, how they open earthward,
 And float to meet the kiss
 Of heavenward love and longing
 Here! Here!
 Upon your breast reclining,
 Embraced and embracing,
 Safe in the arms that enfold me,
 All-loving Father!

F. S.

I. 252.

An die Nachtigall* (*Claudius*).

He lies asleep upon my bosom,
 Safe watch my guardian angel keeps.
 How fresh and sweet is every blossom!
 How fair and green is every bush!
 Nightingale, hush! [*bis*]
 Waken not Love that now sleeps.

VARIUM AC MUTABILE.

I. 258.

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen* (*Goethe*).

Love comes gaily forth to meet you,
 Faithfulness waits for those who come;
 Love skips merrily to greet you,
 Faithfulness watches still at home.

ANON.

Meeresstille (Goethe).

Smooth as glass the sea lies sleeping,
 Hushed and still the watery plain;
 Anxious watch the seaman keeping
 Scans the distance all in vain.

In the air no faintest motion,
 Not a breath for miles around;
 O'er the vast expanse of ocean
 Death-like stillness broods profound.

F. J. SIMPSON.

Der Zwerg (v. Collin).

A sunset dusk upon the far, far mountains;
 A ship afloat on sullen, waveless waters;
 Upon the deck a Queen—her Dwarf beside her.

Above her head the high blue heavens star-pointed;
 Beyond the sea, the distant, dim horizon,
 Grey-veiled in twilight haze of pallid purple.

" True doom, O stars, my death-day you betokened—"
 So spake the Queen—" Behold, Death cometh swiftly.
 Come, Death, come soon, I die, yet die full gladly! "

Uprose the dwarf. About her throat he knotted
 A silken cord, a strangling cord of crimson.
 He wept, as if with tears to blind his anguish.

He cried, " Thine, thine, the guilt, and thine the treason,
 " Lo, for the King, forsworn, thou didst forsake me.
 " One joy—thy dying—now is all my solace;

" Yet evermore my soul shall mourn, abhorring
 " This, this, my hand, that even now must slay thee,
 " Mourn, for thy youth must pale in Death's cold cradle."

Upon her heart the Queen's white hands were folded;
 Her tears fell down, slow falling tears of sadness,
 From eyes forlorn, that dumbly sued for pardon.

" God grant my dying may assuage thy sorrow,"
 She cried. Her lips he kissed, where lay Death's shadow.
 He drew the cord—and kissed the pale dead woman.

The Dwarf looked long upon that pale dead woman.
 He sank her deep, beneath the waveless waters;
 His heart aflame desired that pale dead woman.
 No shore, no shore, e'er saw his ship sail homeward.

UNA A. TAYLOR.

II. 128.

Dithyrambe* (*Schiller*).

Gods, when they deign to appear unto mortals,
 Come not alone, come not alone.
 For, in what hour Dionysos is by me,
 Eros, the innocent prattler, is nigh me.
 Even Apollo looks down from his throne.
 The cohorts of heaven delay not nor hurry;
 They come, and the earth is full filled of their glory.

How shall a mortal receive the immortals,
 Honour them truly, pay them their due?
 Death on this earth is a sound and a sighing,
 Life in your silence is rapture undying.
 There, where Olympos is lost in the blue.
 In Zeus's dominions they taste not of sadness,
 And O! for a draught of that heavenly gladness.

Take and pour out for my poet, O Hebe,
 Nectar divine, lifegiving wine.
 Touch but his eyes with the dew of the moly,
 Spare him the vision of Styx, the unholy,
 Comes he not, too, of celestial line?
 The cup fills and sparkles; if mortal may bear it.
 'Tis sight to the eyes and repose to the spirit.

K. B. W.

II. 194.

Wiegenlied* (*Anon*).

Lulla, lullaby! Sleep, my heart's own treasure,
 Mother's eye watches you, Mother's hand is near.
 Dreams of happiness, visions of pleasure
 Soothe your pillow while I rock you here.

Lulla, lullaby! where the cradle holds you
 Fast asleep, while Mother bends above.
 When you're ailing, her arm enfolds you,
 When you smile at her, she smiles in ans'ring love.

Lulla, lullaby! dreaming on your pillow,
 Mother's soft song you hear and understand.
 When you awaken, a rose or a lily
 Mother will lay in baby's tiny hand.

F. S.

II. 237.

Der Geistertanz (Matthison).

The narrow dark chambers of death down below
 Are shaken when midnight strikes solemn and slow
 O'er graves where the mouldering bones lie about
 We light airy phantoms keep revel and rout.

Why whimper the house dogs that keep watch and ward?
 They whimper in fear of the spirits abroad.
 The ravens flap out from the old abbey grey,
 And speed from the gates of the churchyard away.
 We twirl and we caper, recede and advance,
 Like will o' the wisps on the moorland we dance

O heart whose soft magic wrought torment of old,
 Now lying at rest in the silence and cold.
 Our sorrow lies deep in thy dark narrow cell,
 We whisper thee gladly a joyous farewell.

ELISABETH M. LOCKWOOD.

III. 4.

Memnon (Mayrhofer).*

The livelong day once only may be broken
 The silence laid upon my lips by sorrow;
 When night is past, and with the golden morrow
 Sweet Eos leaves her dewy tears for token.

Men hear the sound of my melodious chanting,
 And think my woes are music for their pleasure;
 They feel the glow that fills the poet's measure,
 And find that life in me themselves are wanting—

In me, who feel the approach of death's cold fingers,
 And in whose hearts insatiate serpents burrow
 At large, and batten on the very marrow
 Of feeling, where one last desire yet lingers—

One last desire, with thee again united,
 And far from this poor world of sin and sighing,
 To know in realms of love and freedom, dying
 Into some pale, cold star, my pains requited.

Sing thus:

To know in realms of freedom—of love and freedom, dying,
 Dying into some star, my pains requited—
 Into some pale, cold star, my pains requited.

HARMER FOY.

III. 204.

Heliopolis* (*Mayrhofer*).

Rock and boulder, tumbled fragments,
 Cloistered valley, mountain hall,
 Sounding waters, winds in riot—
 Force unseen that built them all!

On the frowning summit nestle
 Convent old, and ruined castle;
 Grave them in thy mem'ry's core!
 Poets sing of things that are.

Breathe this air divinely nurtured,
 Take the world in thine embrace;
 Let the pure, the brave, the noble
 Make thy heart their dwelling place.

Let the throng of passion's voices
 Stark and brazen bluster forth!
 In the storm the strong rejoices;
 Danger ['tis that] tries and tempers worth.

HARMER FOY.

THE PRACTICE OF SONG-TRANSLATION

IN an article in last quarter's issue it was said: "The technique of song-translation is that of a poet, as opposed to a versifier, with an exceptionally musical ear." I should like to add: it is also the technique of an expert practical musician, perfectly versed in all that concerns musical prosody and phrasing, capable of analysing music, paying heed both to spirit and to letter, and sufficiently acquainted with questions of voice-production to be able to determine how far, given a certain combination of notes, the choice of syllables may affect, favourably or unfavourably, the singer's task.

That many composers, even great composers, pay too little attention to such points is no excuse for the translator. The composer may or may not know the reasons why he elects to write something that in the abstract might appear questionable: for instance, when he compels a soprano to sing a high note *forte* to the vowel-sound *ee*, or a bass a very low note to the vowel-sound *oo*; or when, given a motive whose phrasing is *per se* unequivocal, he fails to dispose the words so as to ensure punctuation (i.e., breathing, half-breaths and false breaths) in the proper place. In most cases, however, it is right to assume that he knew, and had good reasons for writing as he wrote.

But the translator may take no liberty where the composer takes none. Indeed, it is questionable whether the fact that, at a given spot, a composer does take a certain liberty is sufficient justification for the translator to do the same. It is only after a careful and minute investigation of each particular case that a conscientious translator will be able to decide.

Liberties in the matter of musical prosody and phrasing are far more serious than liberties in mere matters of syllabization. A clever and well-trained singer may find the latter superable: for the former there is no remedy.

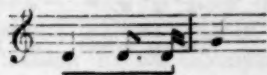
So long as the translator faithfully abides by the conditions of the original, and leaves the music exactly as the composer wrote it, he is practically safe. Poems set to music in smooth traditional lyric style will offer no traps, and any translator who is not altogether devoid of qualifications for his task should find them fairly easy to deal with.

Translations from German into English (or from English into German) are generally a far simpler matter than translations from or into other languages. There exist between the two so many analogies or coincidences that the translator's task is appreciably simplified.

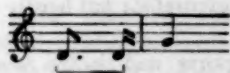
Yet, even then, difficulties crop up as soon as the music passes from the lyric style to the dramatic, with its emphatic accents, pauses, and contrasts. A time is bound to come when the translator will find that he must alter the music, adding or suppressing, lengthening or shortening notes, displacing a breathing (to displace an accent in anything above the conventional ballad style is generally out of the question). Then he must submit the matter to the most rigorous test, with a view to determining whether an alteration is at all permissible—there are, unfortunately, cases when it is not—how far it will alter or weaken the effect aimed at by the composer, and so forth. Finally, he will have to select, when he has made quite certain that there is no other way out, the lesser of evils.

Having ascertained whether the group of notes which he wishes to alter constitutes an upbeat, an accent, an extension, a link, or an ending, he will proceed accordingly, taking into account considerations such as follow.

To alter an upbeat is particularly ticklish. Take, for instance, the opening notes of "La Marseillaise." Any attempt to tamper with the first three (the upbeat)—from the comparatively harmless, though heavy and stiff,



to the very slipshod

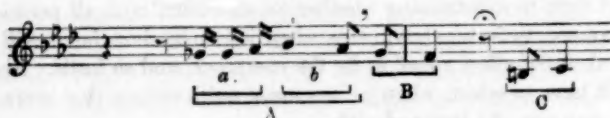


—results in a distinct weakening, not to say a travesty, of the original.

For a similar reason, it might be questioned whether the passage given on p. 222 of the July issue,

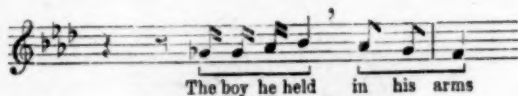


can be considered quite satisfactory. In the original, the upbeat consists of three notes, not two (A, a),



and the unit A, with its long upbeat and feminine ending, stands in strong contrast with the terse, symmetrical units B and C. To shorten it is to lessen the effect of stupor, of anguish, of momentary suspense before the full realisation of the awful fact, which comes with B and C—further underlined by the dramatic pause after B. Had the text provided one syllable less, Schubert would have resorted to some other method of accomplishing his purpose. But the translator can hardly claim a similar latitude.

The other instance given :



respects the first long upbeat, but illustrates a twofold sin against phrasing considered in its bearing upon expression : the note which constituted the feminine ending in A is borrowed in order to be tacked on to B. Conversely, instances occur when a note is borrowed from an upbeat and tacked on to the ending of the foregoing unit. At times liberties of that sort are excusable : but hardly ever in really high-class songs.

Both Mr. Fox Strangways and (in the *Sunday Times*) Mr. Ernest Newman reject, it is true, the above translation. But the reason they give is that " the insignificant *held* comes where the vital *arms* ought to be." I think the alterations in the music are far more objectionable.

The vital importance of the word *arms* does not reside in the literal purport of that word, but in the impression conveyed of loving protection. *Held* is certainly unsatisfactory: but far more unsatisfactory is the suppression of a feminine ending which, especially in conjunction with the lengthening of the upbeat in B, lessens the contrast between A and what follows, besides doing away with the obviously intentional symmetry of B and C, the two mighty shocks that fall after the moment of awed suspense.

To tamper with endings is not so generally inadvisable as to tamper with upbeats is. Yet there are many cases when the translator should refrain from doing so. Endings, it may be alleged, are predetermined by the endings of the words in the original text. What, then, is a translator to do when he stands in need of a word with a feminine ending and the language he is translating into affords none to suit his purpose?

We cannot overlook the fact that in any music whose standard is high enough to call for a high standard in translation, every motive, every phrase, is built with a view to balance and inner relationship between its several parts: that, therefore, had a given motive been written with a view to a feminine ending instead of a masculine, it might have been written differently from the very first note of the upbeat. Subtle prosodists such as Mussorgsky, Debussy, Fauré, Ravel, leave very little to chance.

The translator must use his own discrimination. In the instance above, should he satisfy himself that no word but *arms* can do—that the substitution of any other word, or the removal of that word from the place which it occupies in the original would be the greater of two evils—his course may be unwelcome to him, but it is clear. In other instances, he may swerve very far from the original with a clear conscience. Before deciding to alter an ending, he will, of course, make sure that there is nothing in the accompaniment to preclude the possibility of altering it. When such is the case, it will be found, as a rule, pretty obvious. On other points the accompaniment sometimes affords indications which the translator will find it more difficult to perceive. But, of course, it must be assumed that no conscientious translator would fail to devote the same attention to the analysis of the accompaniment as to that of the vocal part.

Reasons similar to those which may militate against altering an ending may militate against dividing an accented note.

Take, for instance, the beginning of Liapunof's "Shulamite":



If you divide the second note, you not only weaken its emphasis, but alter the musical prosody. Suppose you wrote

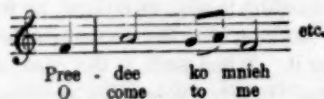


the added C becomes an upbeat belonging to the following G, which in turn ceases to constitute a feminine ending and receives a secondary accent. The result is both flat and jerky. It is obviously a case for paraphrase; and by availing oneself of a lesser latitude—interchanging the word "rose" and the word "lily" which occurs in the second line, it becomes possible to write:



which safeguards at least the essentials in the music, even if it does not altogether respect, in theory, the original phrasing.

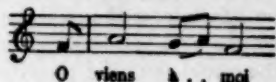
Even when the composer has given more than one note to one syllable, it may be necessary to think twice before giving extra syllables to extra notes. A French translation of Borodin's "Queen of the Sea" affords a case in point. The original runs:



By giving to the two quavers two separate syllables, the translator has destroyed all the easy grace of the wonderful beginning to that wonderful song:



As a matter of fact, it would have been quite easy to hit upon a literal translation which would have left the music unspoiled :



And, by the way, when a translator finds himself in difficulties, one of the very first things he should do is to ask himself whether his translation is literal enough. I find it impossible to account for the fact : but experience soon shows that whichever language one is translating from or into, the more nearly literal of two translations very often fits the music better.

Giving one syllable to several notes of the original music where the composer has given more than one is far less objectionable when it does not interfere with the phrasing. But it often acts as a drag. And, again, one should tread warily. Considerations of *tempo* (which, of course, should never be overlooked) will help one to decide whether the course is advisable.

To observe all those conditions (the list of which could easily be extended) constitutes an ideal, no doubt. There are cases when it becomes impossible not to alter the music, however undesirable the course may be.

A curious problem was propounded to the translator into French of a musical setting of Shelley's

Wild wind, that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song.

The five pregnant monosyllables of the second line are impossible to translate into an equal number of syllables in French. Assistance being provided by the fact that the composer had repeated the word "grief," the difficulty was solved by a translation into six monosyllables. But it is not always advisable to refrain from repeating words which the composer elects to repeat—nor to repeat words when he does not.

There remains the all-important question of vocalization and syllabization—a question hardly touched upon by any writer, I think. There is no middle course between dealing with it quite summarily and going into every detail. Only the former course is possible here.

The first point to consider is that of the vowel-sounds. Rimsky-

Korsakof, in his "Treatise of Orchestration," has the following remarks to offer :

For female voices, high notes are best sung to the vowel-sound *a* (open); for male voices, to the vowel-sounds *o* and *e* (as in "pen"). The vowel-sounds *ee* and *oo* soften the incisive tone of a bass voice's high notes, and the open *a* facilitates the emission of his lowest notes.

An additional note by the French translator says that "as regards high notes, not only the vowel, but the preceding consonant, should be taken into account: for instance, a guttural is less favourable than a labial."

A few obvious remarks may be made by way of supplement. To require a soprano to sing a sustained high note *forte* to the vowel-sound *ee*, especially if preceded by a guttural consonant and reached by a sudden leap upwards, is, to say the least, extremely dangerous. A low note to the vowel-sound *oo* preceded by a labial will not always be satisfactory, whereas a guttural may be helpful. Dentals and labials practically never give trouble, and linguals are even better. One should carefully guard against accumulations of consonants which would render a distinct pronunciation impossible, especially in quick *tempi*. It is upon the clear articulation of consonants that the intelligibility of the singer's pronunciation chiefly depends.

Although I am not considering the literary aspects of song-translation, there is one point which I cannot refrain from pressing: that of rhyme. About nine-tenths of the solecisms, malapropisms, vulgarities and other faults that occur in current translations, and a fair proportion of the minor defects from which so few translations are free, appear to be due to the desire to preserve rhyme where the original rhymes. When we consider how many things the translator has to take into account, and appraise their relative importance, we realise that of all of them rhyme is, except in particular cases, a sheer luxury to which no essential should be sacrificed. My feeling is that the preservation of rhyme is imperative only when the music expressly shows that the composer relies on the effect of rhyme. The indications supplied by the poetic form of the stanza may, for instance, be counteracted by the fact that the composer ascribes so secondary an importance to a word supplying a rhyme, that the singer cannot render the rhyme perceptible without taking a liberty with the music. In less obvious cases, it will at times be seen that the rhyme is not all-important. Anyhow, when the question arises of sacrificing rhyme or something else, it is generally the rhyme that should go. Let it be added that to rhyme satisfactorily while neglecting no more important point is easier when translating into German than when translating into English; and far easier when translating into English than when translating into French. In fact,

there are few cases when a good translation into French can be written in rhyme.

The question of principle which arises with regard to song-translations depends partly upon the possibility to comply with technical requirements and partly upon the appreciation of æsthetic requirements, which at times is a matter of opinion rather than of facts.

As regards the literary side, for instance, the importance of that much debated point, the echo of sound to sense, is admitted by most critics; but Rémy de Gourmont says that very often it has no actual justification, and that sometimes it is founded more on the written aspect of words than on their sound.

As regards the music, there are plenty of cases when the composer's intentions are obvious, but not a few when circumstantial evidence may be misinterpreted or, even if rightly interpreted, give a false impression. A simple instance *ab absurdo* will perhaps suffice. Consider the opening of Fauré's "Les Berceaux":



The intention is obviously to open with a long note, not to lay stress on the colourless article. Had the composer had a less insignificant word at his disposal, he might have been credited with the purpose of emphasising that word.

With regard to the purely practical side, certainly few translations can be perfect; and for the reasons I have just given, none can be beyond the reach of criticism.

Granting that translations must needs be imperfect, opinions as to their practical usefulness, generally considered, vary quite as much as opinions as to the merits or defects of any translation in particular. In the French *Nouvelle Revue Musicale*, M. Léon Vallas hardly overstates what many musicians think when he says that "the worst translation is less of a treason than the singing of a song in a language which the majority of an audience does not understand." On the other hand, Mr. Ernest Newman, in the *Sunday Times*, has many objections to offer against translations in general. He writes that "even a singer with only enough acquaintance with the foreign language to know just what the lines mean will prefer to sing the song to the original words, if only for the reason that he is spared the many annoyances that are

inseparable from even the best translations." And no doubt, if the audience is spared the annoyances inseparable from mispronunciation of a language (just think of the effect of English sung with a French accent, or French sung with an English accent), the preference is justifiable. Yet again, what may be quite unobjectionable as regards well-known and universally admired works may prove exceedingly ill-advised as regards contemporary music, and all music whose diffusion remains to be secured. I doubt very much whether Bartok's songs, or Kodaly's, will have a fair chance abroad if they are to be sung in the Hungarian language—any more than Russian songs and operas would have become very widely known had translations not been available. And at the present time, when it is so important to make British music known abroad, we shall do well to bear in mind that, unless good translations are made available, there is little hope of the vocal repertory making satisfactory headway on the Continent.

M-D. CALVOCORESSI.

MUSIC AND ARCHITECTURE

CAN we establish some sort of parallel between music and architecture? The hackneyed, but happy, likening of architecture to "frozen music" seems to suggest that we can. Beneath the paradox of this expression there glimmers the idea that architecture in its static solidity employs causes and effects which are common to the essentially mobile methods of music. But how far can we go in this direction, and at what point, if at all, shall we be pulled up by the discovery that there is only a thin edge of poetic flash where we hoped for a broad expanse of analogy? No less a musician than the late Sir Hubert Parry has hunted this ground, and no less a philosopher than Hegel. I will consider later their points of view. For the present let us start near the bottom of things.

I do not think we can begin to consider the relationship of these two arts to one another without studying the relationship of both to the other arts. What are the other arts? Let us call them painting, sculpture and literature. These with our two make a complete company of five. I am not forgetting the drama—that is, the actor's art in drama—but for our present purposes it may be included under literature as being (except for drama in dumb show) inseparable from it.

Assuming, then, these five arts it is quite evident that painting, sculpture and literature all have this in common that they are engaged, perhaps primarily engaged, in representation or, as Aristotle would have called it, *mimesis* (imitation).

Painting, subject to certain limitations (the chief of which is that it necessarily represents three dimensions in two), is engaged in providing imitations of nature and phenomena. Sculpture, usually limiting itself as to colour, but allowing itself the use of the third dimension, sets forth also to provide imitations. We are to acknowledge, of course, that the imitations or representations cover a great deal more than the merely visible or tangible aspects of the world outside ourselves. But in all cases, or in most, some degree of imitation of something recognisable is part of the business of these arts. Literature, again, in all its forms has the same mission. Be it history, drama, poetry, fiction, philosophy or theology, its business is representation—on a wider plan, it is true, than that of painting and sculpture, because dealing with the representation of thoughts as well as of things.

But architecture, as architecture, has no *mimesis* with which to concern itself. What, then, has architecture, which is the equivalent of the imitation business of painting and sculpture? The place of this imitation is taken in architecture by structure, building. Art is not a good word to use, but it is difficult to get through an essay on art without using it. Let us, therefore, use it here, always realising that "art" is not a "thing" but a "quality of performance," and let us recognise in architecture, sculpture, painting and literature the existence of art distinguishable in thought (but not in performance) from the business which we can call the function. The function is, we realise, imitation or representation in the last three and structure in the case of architecture.

If anyone wants to force the question of the possibility of separating the art from the function, he can be gratified by the spectacle of purely decorative painting in which the function is thrown aside, and by some forms of decorative sculpture in which all *mimesis* is abandoned. There are no forms of legitimate literature in which the representation is set aside,* but the presence or absence of the art in literature is very easily illustrated by reflecting how a particular event would be described, say, by Shakespeare in a poem, or by oneself in a telegram. When we come to music and try to diagnose its constitution we conclude very naturally that we shall find it also compounded of an art and a function. Certainly the art is there—a very fine art indeed—but where is the function?

Shall we help ourselves by looking at it this way? Art, we say, and truly say, is not a thing in itself but a method of doing something. In all the arts except music, and perhaps dancing, it is quite clear that such a definition holds, because the function, or thing done, can be dissociated from the method of doing. Consequently, imitation by painting, sculpture and literature can be so carried out as to be totally unworthy of the attribution to art, and building can similarly be carried out without architecture. But in the case of music the art or method of doing is everything. Take away the art, and the result is negligible noise.

It would appear from this that music must be either the highest or the lowest in the scale of the arts; because, whether highest or lowest, it is free of function. In any case music and architecture stand side by side and apart because, unlike all the rest, they are unattached to imitation or representation; and I am inclined to believe that the true scale puts music highest of all the arts, architecture second, the whole range of literature third, and painting and sculpture fourth.

* Even the chorus "ritoural ritoural ritoural li lay" expresses something, if only a mood of unexpressiveness.

Now a great many people would be prepared to say that both architecture and music *are* mimetic. They would argue that the masonic forms of architecture imitate earlier construction in wood, and further that most architecture is adorned with representations of natural life. Both lines of argument are beside the mark, for the first is an accident and the second an ancillary of the method. A more difficult suggestion is that music is imitative or representational.

If "programme" music is put forward as an argument it can be dismissed at once. The mere fact that nearly all programme music would be undecipherable if its programme were lost dismisses this form of art as insufficiently serious for attention as such. If in certain cases it becomes unmistakably interpretable, such passages are either frankly comic or frankly bad as music. Far more serious is the contention that music represents the emotions. But inasmuch as the emotion acting upon a composer at the time of creation is not necessarily identical with that aroused in all classes of his most intelligent hearers, it is better to conclude that music is not imitative, but rather *provocative* of emotions.

We can, therefore, if this be granted, retain the conclusion that music and architecture are the two non-imitative arts; like to one another in this point, but differing in another—music is functionless, but architecture is possessed of construction as its function.

The view which Hegel takes of the relationship of architecture to music is expressed in terms of curious obscurity.* He begins by asserting that the two arts have both likeness and unlikeness to one another. "In the building-craft," he says, "the content which is to find expression in architectural forms does not entirely impregnate the form, as with sculpture and painting, but remains apart as an outer envelope." With this misfit or a-symmetry between content and form in architecture he compares a similar shortcoming, or overflowing, in music, stating that "the classical identity of the inward thought and its external existence" (which he had found, typically, in sculpture), "is again broken up." What these two passages may mean, except that the very highest of arts find their means of expression incommensurate with the ideas or concepts to be expressed, I do not know. But if that is the meaning it is always to be remembered that every great artist in every art is granted by that power which some of us admit to be inspiration, the apparently fortuitous ability to say more than he means. Starting with his idea and struggling to clothe it, he

* "Aesthetic," Vol. III., pp. 132, 133 of the German edition; Vol. III., p. 343 of Mr. F. P. B. Osmaston's translation.

happily (and, as materialists would say, accidentally) flings over it here and there that degree of over-clothing which suffices to express or imply even more than the original intention. This may be the interpretation of Hegel's oversplash of "content" which becomes "an envelope"; but I imagine from a passage which follows this remark—in which he contrasts architecture with painting and sculpture, alleging that the two latter are not subject to this misfit between "content" and "form"—that he really means nothing more than that the mimetic office of sculpture and painting is more closely adjusted as between the means and the subject of representation, than is the parallel (but unimitative) process in architecture. I suspect that he, after the manner of the ancients, overestimates the merely representative functions of the painter's and sculptor's arts.

In another aspect of the likeness between architecture and music Hegel is happier, and to us more useful. Architecture, I take him to say, does its business in forms—not copied from nature, but invented by the architect—which it disposes under laws of gravity and rules of symmetry. These forms are to architecture the exact equivalent of the tonal combinations, harmonic laws, and principles of rhythm which are the medium of the musician. The architect can set forth to build his building according to his laws of symmetry and his knowledge of gravity, and similarly the musician can "move upon two poles—upon the deepest emotions of nature and the strictest logic—and can easily unite two extremes which are in decisive contrast."

But there is, one hesitates to say it, a confusion of thought in Hegel's position; for this "easy uniting" of emotion and logic does not square with his previous announcement of the difficulty of making the inward and outward coincide; and the obscurity is only partly cleared by his admission that it is "when set free from the need of expressing what is in the mind that music can apply herself to building an edifice in obedience to the laws of tones."

He here admits clearly that music can be created without any emotional origin or intent; but at the same time assures us that "music can do no more than express feeling and clothe the conceptions expressed in words with the melodic tones of feeling."

In working out the unlikeness between the two arts his thought and language are clearer. "For both of them quantity and measure constitute the basis of form, but . . . architecture works in quiescent mass and exists in external space; music works in that feeling for tone which is unconditioned by matter and exists in tone qualities and time movements."

This contrast of the tangible and visible with the audible, and of the static with motional, is proper enough. I can, it is true, remember the

day when an enthusiast hired the St. James' Hall in order to prove to a party of invited onlookers that he could produce music in terms of colour rays. The gentleman failed. But why did he fail? There does not seem to be any reason in the nature of created phenomena why an art of sound should not find a parallel in an art of sight and an art, for that matter, of scent.

The real contrast between architecture and music lies in the stability of effect in the one and the fluidity (progression) of effect in the other.

I am not sure of the extent to which Sir Hubert Parry may have exercised his mind on this subject, but a passage ready to hand from "Style in Musical Art" (pp. 282-3) introduces us to a fresh aspect of the comparison. "The ideal of the art of architecture is," he says, "to convert the mechanical necessities of structure into terms of beauty and of interest—to use the things which are required for mechanical or practical purposes, such as the walls, the roof, the pillars, the buttresses, the arches, the windows, the doors and every part and parcel of them, to reflect a human intention over and above the mere structural requirements. But the artistic treatment of them, such as the cunning management of the shapes of doors and arches, or the ornamentation of them which makes them appeal to the imagination, is not the form, but the artistic vesture with which the form is clothed." Allowing for the limitations of language this is a very fair analysis of the nature of architecture. It is Parry's application of it to the analogy between the two arts which is the surprise.

I had been thinking of music as being unlike (perhaps, higher than) all the other arts in that it was incapable of division into an art and a function (or an art and a craft) by reason of the apparent absence of the lower element in music. I had freed it from the material duty which is the basis of architecture, and from that *mimesis* which is the business of the painter or sculptor, and was near the conclusion that it was art alone, troubling itself only with so much of sensible material (sound waves, to wit) as might be necessary for the appearance among men of what otherwise would be an imperceptible spirit.

But Parry, taking what I should have called the art alone, cleaves it, as Solomon would have cleft the baby, into two, and we find him handling structure and subject as the two separate elements. It would, in fact, seem that he considers the structure of the architect as analogous to the structure of the sonata builder, and he certainly implies that structure in each case depends for its development into a work of art upon its impregnation by another element; that element being in the sonata world the subject, and in the world of architecture an "artistic treatment of features." But there is surely a fallacy in

the comparison. In no sense, to begin with, can the structure of a sonata be viewed as analogous to the structure of a building. Construction in the builder's sense is an element of architecture which, unfortunately, can exist apart from these elements which turn it into art, whereas in no sense can the sonata structure be said to have a profitable existence without subject or subjects. Parry never meant that it could. Nor would he on consideration have failed to realise that while architectural structure has utilitarian ends and is conditioned by physical laws, structure in the musician's sense is in itself a highly artificial imaginative effort.

Let us shift the sense to get our minds clear on this point. There are, unfortunately, buildings which make no pretence at architecture, but which perform in a material way the functions of shelter, and which are sound in structure though devoid of art. Did Parry mean that there could be a parallel for these in music—subjectless sonatas?

I would not for one moment be understood as suggesting that architecture lies apart from building. The laws of structure and building craft are so integral a part of architecture that any schools of architecture which attempt to teach design apart from construction are doomed to failure. But I do mean that certain elementary forms of wall and roof shelter can exist without architectural ordainment, and the parallel in the world of music to such structures is, I should say, not a subjectless sonata but noise. And this, if granted, would bring us back to my original differentiation of the two arts. One might put it that music makes something (music) out of nothing; or rather out of a strictly raw material, sound, which is useless except in its manufactured forms; whereas architecture elevates to an art the making of something (shelter) which would go on in this world in any case whether as an art or not.

Looking at the subject on rather different lines we do find another practical parallel between the arts which is of great interest. This parallel relates to the sphere of performance. In architecture, as in music, the creator is not necessarily the executant. One man designs; others can carry out the design. How close, indeed, is the likeness between the production of a big orchestral work and the building of a large building. The composer at work putting his sound-structure on to silent paper is closely paralleled by the architect with his drawing board design. When the moment of execution arrives there is needed in either case some sympathetic artist to conduct. More often does the architect control his own work than the conductor—for obvious reasons—but the interpretation carried through by the conductor of an orchestra and that performed by an architect in superintending the

execution of a design are very close indeed to one another in their nature and their artistic value.

Again, there is in the world of music a form of artistic participation which is shared by no other art save architecture. I mean the executant's pleasure. The man or woman who takes even a small vocal or instrumental part in, let us say, such a work as Bach's B minor Mass, is admitted to an intimacy with the productive and creative mind of a great master such as no other art whatever can afford. An amateur may be a good appreciator of painting, for example, but never can he, in any way comparable to the musician's opportunity, get into the canvas of a Velasquez and share in the glory of the work. This is a rare privilege of music and is approached in the whole world of art only by the share which craftsmen are enabled to take in the production of a work of architectural art.

I have placed architecture a little lower than music because it is, in my view, concerned with a mission which is not in itself purely or necessarily artistic, but I must not conclude without qualifying this admission. In the first place, I am not wholly sure whether architecture's almost unique position as a ministering art is not rather an ennoblement than a cause of humiliation; in the second place, I wish to make clear the true relationship of the art to the function. If in Aristotle's day τέχνη (meaning art) had been distinguishable in language from τέχνη (meaning craft), Aristotle would have made this relationship plain. The mere fact that there then existed but the one word τέχνη is in itself an indication of that relationship. It is true that in (or, rather, before) Aristotle's time art existed as it has scarcely ever existed since, but it is one of the characteristics of art that it does not necessarily flourish best when most discussed and it is, I believe, a fact that the supreme vitality among the Greeks of the sublimation of craft, which we understand by our word "art," was not so much as recognised in speech at all. That builders and carvers and painters had among themselves secrets of optical refinement which gave to their works a position which we regard as the well-spring of art is true enough, and among these craftsmen there must have been a language of technical mystery; but I doubt if any equivalent for our word art was ever breathed among them, and it is clear that the greatest of philosophers whose eye seemed to see every aspect of human life had no use for such a word. But if he had wanted the word and found it it would have been an adverb, not an abstract noun.

The relationship of architecture to building craft is not a relationship of conjunction, of addition, or even of envelopment. It is a relationship of mode. It answers the question "how?" And the answer

itself, for all the complication of the art, is "well," or, at fullest, "nobly," or "worthily."

An architect can fling into his work a wealth of erudition, of historical knowledge, of personal fancy or of taste (which is generally an outgrowth of the other three), but unless he so flings it that it becomes adverbial to his work, he has failed. Any feature of design, any whole design which sits with the entity of a separate noun upon the structural feat of the designer is a flag of failure.

To conclude, let us see what remaining elements there are in the beauties of these two arts which can be said to be common to them both. Of these I suppose the first and greatest is rhythm and, close to it, proportion. The architect's rhythm is, of course, synoptic, the musician's progressive; and herein they differ greatly. Moreover, the architect is by no means pledged to rhythm as the musician is to time. Many a beautiful piece of architecture can be *a-rhythmic*—i.e., *a-symmetrical*—especially among humbler buildings, such as cottages, and in any case the predominance of rhythm is more or less reserved for works of a monumental character. Perhaps a cottage is a folk song, or a bit of plaint-chant, as contrasted with music in barred time; and, if so, the parallel is saved.

Proportion in architecture may be very closely and mathematically worked out, or it may be checked by mere rule of thumb, or, again, apparently arbitrary; though if the arbitrium is good such arbitrariness is really what we call taste, and taste is knowledge. Music, of course, knows proportion well, not merely in the form of those considerations of harmony which are based on ratios of vibration, but also in those balancings of themes without which the formal qualities of music would suffer.

Reserve, again, is a quality well known to the best artists in both classes. The Greek canon of restraint has in these modern days proved its value nowhere more than in the works of architects and musicians, nor must we fail to note how great is the obligation of both classes of creators to tradition.

We have known in our days wild outbreaks in both arts by inventors whose ambitions were warped with the notion that art means originality and that originality means departure from all precedent. It is terribly true, at least of architecture, that the abandonment of tradition leads to shipwreck. Any forcible mind working on the leading of past work—which means working within the limits of its training—will by the unconscious exercise of its own force give to its own work as much advance as is necessary to stamp it as original. And it is a fact that in the eyes of trained observers, who are the only critics that

matter, design which departs so far from precedent as not to be reminiscent of previous work and methods is simply unrecognisable as architecture.

Possibly this obligation is a stronger one with us architects than it is with the musical creators, for the reason that we have a larger past behind us. It is significant that when we speak of "classic" we go ultimately to the five centuries before Christ, whereas the musician takes his mind probably to the eighteenth after.

But, and here is my last word, it is strangely true that, as far as character goes, the music which we call classical is in general artistic effect extraordinarily like the architecture to which we give the same name. If anyone can see an artistic difference between the work of the architect Gibbs at St. Mary-le-Strand and any one of the best compositions of G. F. Handel, I should like to know what that difference is. To me the two are identical, save for the actual medium of expression—identical and excellent.

PAUL WATERHOUSE.

REPOSE IN MUSIC.

I SUGGESTED in a previous article* that there was a peculiar affinity between music and duration; that it was natural to music to "go on"; that the continuance of the spell of sound was in some sort a sign or touchstone of its virtue. It is a thought easily susceptible of fantastical applications and yet it seems to rest on a basis of truth. The most musical of musical qualities is the on-flowing impulse. What are the conditions, then, under which this impulse finds fullest realisation, what disposition, what attitude of mind in listener, performer, composer affords the necessary receptivity, makes for the great river the best river-bed? It would be a mistake to suppose that questions of this kind are otiose. The artist's conception of his art is very largely determined by conscious reflection. The time is one of experimentation in all the arts, and every experiment is backed by a theory of some kind or other. The more we succeed in clearing our minds in regard to the broad æsthetic characteristics of music and the frontier-line which divides it from literature and the plastic arts, the more likely are we, through the assault and turmoil of its conflicting manifestations, to feel what path is likeliest to lead to a fulfilment and to recognise at what point boundaries have been transgressed.

Music is movement and its effects naturally translate themselves into movement. We dance to music or march to it, or when otherwise immobilised beat time; such is the instinctive response, such were the original occasions. The instinct continues to find an outlet in the technique of many players, who accompany their executive action with an extraneous imitative parade. Lifted above all other executants in this respect is the conductor, whose function it is to personify a musical work before the medley of its performers and to be the focusing centre through which their multiple response may be conveyed to an audience. The direction of an orchestra requires so rich a combination of musical aptitudes that there can be no dogma as to the style in which it should be done; and every lover of music, whose faculties are not engrossed in the attention of the ear, must often have allowed the mere drama of the orchestral vehicle to rivet him, and have felt the music itself as something secondary to this great pageant of travelling bows and lifted

* *Music and Letters*, October, 1920, pp. 286 and 369.

trumpets, all obedient to the moving point of a wand. No art has a greater thrill than the conductor's. We read of men who shoot Niagara, who swim the rapids or balance themselves over the falls. Their experience is meagre beside his who is as the rock on which the cataract thunders, himself guiding, limiting, or unlocking its terror and its power. The simile is suggestive. In this controller of movement, this measurer of the fluctuating, towering emotion, what gift or attribute is sublimer than stability? There are conductors upon whom music seems to act as a kind of electrifying medium, entering into every limb and articulation with stiffening vibratory effects; there are others who bend to every breath of feeling and, as though they could not evoke power without expending it, lavish themselves in feverish assault upon the air. The great conductor seems rather to be the man who has recognised that physical gesture, at its fullest development, must be totally inadequate as a continuous symbol of the course of musical expression and who therefore renounces mimesis at the start and considers how necessary indications can be conveyed with the least derangement. He is also surely the man who contrives in his presence and person to signify those immovable foundations without which the flow of changing sound degenerates into a kaleidoscopic impressionism. We speak of music "carrying us away"; and if by this we mean that it can lead us to forget trivialities and to believe poetry for a time, we are but acknowledging its normal influence; for the true musician is, in this sense, carried away as soon as the first note is struck. But if we mean that the intensity of certain momentary impacts or passing appeals has overwhelmed and intoxicated us, we are saying, in effect, that, so far as we ourselves are concerned, music has, in those passages, over-reached and destroyed itself. And so, if for no other reason (since few of us are strong enough to bear the huge assaults of a chorus or a symphony) the spectacle of one who withstands the shock, of a reed unshaken by the wind, is in itself immensely fortifying, and possesses in the general symbolism of the occasion a significance of ultimate value.

In fact, the conductor offers us a vivid image of the virtue in music of the maintenance of a foundation of rest, he typifies the division which the art requires in our consciousness between something which passes and something which remains. Movement implies repose; and the flow of sound loses its meaning as soon as we cease to refer it to a motionless background. It might be tempting, at the first glance, to say that it is precisely our consciousness, ourself, that remains while the music passes, that the music is the river and we its bed. But that is too simple a way out of the difficulty. The music is not music for us until we are one with

it, until our consciousness is all sound. Nothing is more natural than to drift on its current, to move with its movement. But to do so is to abandon all hope of understanding what we hear. If the necessary contrast of rest and motion is to be preserved, we must preserve within our minds the power to refer each transitory appeal to an abiding arbiter, and we must discover in the music also some centres of reference to which this changeless element within ourselves may cling; for we cannot maintain the distinction of the moving and the unmoved in pure abstraction. Our consciousness wanders, and becomes, infallibly, part of the mere succession, unless the impressions offered to it have a recognisable pivot.

Whether for the understanding of music, for its interpretation or for its composition, the demand is the same, but certain of its implications will appear more clearly if we deal with them from the point of view of the performer and the composer in greater detail. It is the performer, certainly, who is exposed to the severest test; for the attitude of the composer being essentially intellectual and imaginative, it costs him relatively little to maintain a divided consciousness; whereas the performer, while he enacts the piece and embodies it in a continuous series of physical and spiritual adjustments, must at the same time hold himself detached and reserved, as it were watching and conducting his own performance. Perhaps that is why the conception of rest presiding over movement can be traced as soon as the first elements of technical control are studied. The player who visibly spends energy in taking and keeping his seat at the instrument, does so no doubt through an instinctive groping after anchorage; but this anxiety to be supported somehow merely betrays his essential instability. The performer's first gift is a complete relaxation, in which the mind withdraws from the physical mechanism and reduces it to a kind of neutral externality awaiting the pulsations of the will; for perfect identification with each stroke when it is due the prerequisite is detachment from them all. And so when the problem of interpretation has to be faced, the fundamental requirement is composure. By composure we do not, of course, mean to suggest a condition in which intellect or understanding predominates over emotion; the language of music is prevailingly emotional, and an interpretation in which we feel that emotion is overlooked or measured out by a critical intellect, can never satisfy us. The associations of the word "composure" are themselves emotional; it implies the maintenance of an emotional envelope capable of overtopping the highest and enveloping the most furious climax and of thus securing a true musical relation between that climax and the whole structure on which it is reared. The remark is a commonplace, but it is a commonplace

which bears repetition, because the truth it expresses is one which is only to be recognised through practising it. And indeed, what aspect of technical mastery is so little comprehended by the generality of players? Music plays upon the nerves, and as it holds out before its devotees an infinite series of difficulties to be overcome, we find them continually straining to reach what is beyond them and losing, through the strain, that equilibrium which is the unchanging basis of every secure step forward. Let us repeat again, then, that of an art whose medium is agitation the foundation is necessarily rest. No artist can less afford to sacrifice nervous poise or to depend upon any temporary stimulus than the musician. Adequate rendering of great compositions implies the possession of huge stores of reserve power. To give them from taut nerves is to head straight for bankruptcy.

Unfortunately, conditions of nervous tension are apt to escape notice by becoming habitual; and the result of this habit of strain appears not merely in forced interpretations, but in a forced judgment, what one might call a false theory of interpretation. I happened not long ago to hear such a theory applied by a musician of standing to the first movement of Beethoven's sonata in D minor; and perhaps I could not better illustrate my point about the value of repose in interpretation than by relating it to an example of this kind, familiar in all our ears. Alas! that in order to do so I must face the impossible task of reducing its chief lines of expression to motionless, unimpressible words! The language of the movement itself is of amazing simplicity, and yet its tone is of a tragic intensity rare even in Beethoven's works. If one were asked for an example in poetry of spiritual conflict in a sphere as elevated, one could perhaps only find a parallel in the Aeschylean drama, one would name a chorus from the Eumenides. The opening chord creates at once an atmosphere of foreboding, and this is intensified in the sharply contrasted melody in recitative which follows; it is as if some solemn pronouncement of doom were uttered and were received with a timid and unavailing protest. Yet at once this theme of protest gathers to itself the power against which it seemed to be in rebellion and so introduces in its full development the fateful utterance foreshadowed at the start:—



Now to interpret the work, we must not only feel its greatness but recognise the signs of its greatness so as to embody them in our enactment of it. And the secret here lies, surely, in the mingled intensity and amplitude of the musical utterance; it can express the extreme of agitation because it expresses also those broad and unsubversible foundations against which the surge of passion beats powerlessly, and we measure the strength of the one against the resistance of the other. Broadly speaking, the second of these elements is represented in the *Largo* passages of the introduction and in the melody of the first subject which they prepare for, while the first belongs to the recitative passages of the introduction and the melody of the second subject which grows out of them. I say advisedly in each case the melody of the subject, for the subtlety of musical art rejects obvious contrast and each of the contrasting strains here borrows something from the other; the accompaniment of the first subject maintains in the mere rapidity of its movement a recollection of the *agitato* strain, and melody itself preserves something of the initial alternation of solemn pronouncement and tentative reply, while in the second subject the accompaniment rests from the beginning upon the dominant pedal upon which at last the strife is to be resolved in those delicious concluding undulations of simplicity and peace. Thus, the interpretation of the movement begins with the recognition of its amplitude, its foundations, its fundamental repose; for with the performer as with the composer, the extent to which he can break depends on the extent to which he can build. And the test of the building in this case is, surely, the preservation of a sense of rhythmical identity between the first subject as it appears *Largo* in the introduction and as it appears in its developed form *Allegro*, quoted above. These are the emotional pillars of the work, and if their weight and grandeur is completely felt, it will assert itself over and through the change of the time. Yet here precisely the exponent of what I have called forced interpretation joined issue. In his judgment, the deliberate measured enunciation required if the *Allegro* is to be identified with the *Largo* turned the thing into a march-tune, and he insisted that the tumult suggested in the accompaniment and introductory recitative must appear also in what we have called the "pillar," which must be given *stretto*. The result in performance was a perfect instance of the error we have in view; the effect of introducing tumult when it was inappropriate was not merely to impoverish the whole work, but, more particularly, to deprive the *agitato* passages of the vitality of their appeal. *Mutatis mutandis*, the truth applies to all rendering and conception of musical expression; nor is it enough to say that for effective presentment of what is vehement or distraught, full value must be given to the contrast-

ing passages of suavity and peacefulness. The point is that the expression of peace has an ultimate precedence, that it is the condition of the other kind of expression and that for true musical effect the sense of it must remain paramount.

Where it touches the work of the composer, the idea is simpler to state or to apply, because though no element exists in performance which was not already present in creation, yet the actualisation of the work in a consecutive activity, with all that it implies of physical effort and trained concentration, is not required of its creator. Like all other musicians, he is liable to reduce his power and endanger his inspiration by straining and consequently impoverishing his emotional life, but the strains to which he is subject are less inherent to creation than those of the performer to interpretation, and there is therefore less temptation in discussing his case to exchange the heart of the matter for incidents of application to our human weakness. If in one of those rare moments of detachment, with which all are visited, we should consider the habits and customs of our pianist friends, we should find that in nine cases out of ten their progress is hampered by over-application, that what they most need is to come out of their music and learn what it is to breathe an unvibrating air. Perhaps this is true of composers also; but the case is more difficult to judge, because composers are not so frequently met with; and then the gift of composition argues in itself a greater nature, or at least makes a greater nature probable. Yet even among the greatest, the same risks occur; for the composer too must live, and composing will not feed or clothe him. A pathetic story is told by D'Indy in his life of César Franck that this great artist, to induce the creative mood, had recourse to the keys of his piano, which he hammered for a quarter of an hour or so to give an initial impetus to the wheels of invention. And if his music has a weakness, does it not lie just in that suspicion of over-tenseness which it is apt to convey; its involution sometimes too curious, its energy sometimes too brave? No one had the intuition of peace more perfectly than Franck had it, and if his music sometimes slips its anchor, the cause is his life, which perpetually drove and harassed and exhausted him.

To speak of the composer is to speak of music itself. More than any other art—this is our main contention—and in a sense which is peculiar to it, both because its very being is a flux and because its appeal is to the fluctuating element of emotion, music has need of the controlling, encompassing, enduring, pervading principle which we here call repose. Everyone will have observed and many will have wondered at the richness of satisfaction to be derived from that simplest of all structural devices in music, the sustainment or rhythmical

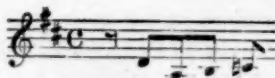
repetition of an unchanging note. The writer heard more than twenty years ago a movement in a quartet by Brahms which opened with a motive of this kind and its simple melody haunts him to this day. In the introduction to the S. Matthew Passion music seems to rise from immeasurable depths of calm and, while the basses hold first tonic then dominant, to be gathering and unfolding all its power not to voice merely, but to sustain the tragedy and sorrow of the world. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely; pastoral music is full of them, and the majesty of religious emotion, the tenderness of the lullaby, the constancy of love and faith, are all alike inseparably associated in our minds with passages which depend for their beauty on this natural symbol of repose. And the essential recognition of repose in what we might call the mechanism of music is, of course, tonality.

As musical expression extends its range, a tendency naturally arises to make play with the immediate expressional value of different keys, and to modulate irresponsibly. Virtue is found in the suggestiveness of the contrasts so obtained, in the throwing first of one, then of another, colour upon the screen of our receptivity. But if the idea we are developing has the implications we believe it to have, the expressional suggestiveness of tonality, though doubtless still susceptible of developments and refinements which no one can foresee, must always remain secondary to its constructive intention. These two elements, suggestion and construction, contend in music from the very beginning. We hear a chance phrase, the last phrase of Mozart's "Veilchen," for example; and we are charmed by its poetry; no doubt it has construction, but who could say how or why? It seems rather pure meaning, a spiritual thing. Thereafter the conception haunts us of a music in which one such phrase should be followed by another, equally free, equally unanalysable, giving us the life of beauty exempt from all restraining formalities. Since the simple phrase speaks thus directly to the imagination, why should not a succession of phrases speak in the same manner, and the very stuff and framework of our composition be poetry? Put the matter otherwise: if we analyse a melody, simplest of musical constructions, we find that its successive phrases are designed to complete and perfect the expression of what the first of them suggests; and, the aim of all art being expression, it is obvious that the first phrase, in its suggestiveness, expresses more than any, more, it may be, than all of the rest in their completion of the message. Why then complete it? Why not pass on to a new suggestion, seeing that in each such suggestion the poetic content is relatively so rich? Would not a whole made up of a series of such suggestions attain the maximum of expression, with a minimum of conventional pattern-work? The answer is that we could not

by such means obtain our maximum of expression, since in proportion as we neglect form, we deprive ourselves of the means by which one suggestion can be added to another with cumulative effect. The study of form is the study of cumulative expression, and there is nothing cumulative in suggestions, because what they suggest is not music. When we say that music expresses a meaning, we put it at once into relation with something outside itself; when we say that it suggests a meaning, we say that certain combinations of notes conjure up for us a non-musical "beyond" which is implied, intimated, or, in other words, imperfectly assimilated in the medium through which we apprehend it. But in music, as in every other art, we can only pass to further expression on the basis of what we have expressed already; our movement is within our medium, and that which we merely intimate remains outside our medium and gives us no foothold for advance. The suggestion, the poetical phrase is a snare, because the sequences it invites are not musical sequences and because musical sequences are essential to musical composition.

The digression was necessary, as without it the doctrine that the colour value of modulation was secondary to its structural intention might have seemed mere pedantry. But it is not a difficult matter to point to very great examples of structural expression in which the distribution of broad tonal planes has a dominating part. To leap at once to the greatest example of all, Bach's Mass in B minor is certainly not so called merely because the first fugue of the Kyrie is in that key, but because every other tonality taken in the course of the work derives part at least of its meaning from its relation to the implied ground-tone. The soaring jubilation of the Gloria, of the Resurrexit, of the Osanna, the triumphal majesty of the Sanctus, owe something of the splendour of conviction with which they reach us to the background of suffering and humiliation against which they are set; and it is because this background, this base, is so complete and secure that Bach can rise from it to those divine heights of ecstasy. How careful, too, is the composer's relation of his musical foundations to the structure of the thought which they are to embody. The essential idea of the Mass being that of Intercession, an intercession which shall renew the redemptive virtue of the Incarnation, the tonality of B minor is established in four numbers (1, 8, 9, 15), in all of which this theme is dwelt on, either from its divine side, as in the chorus "Et incarnatus est," or on the human side in the Eleison and the Miserere. The main opposition to these is given, of course, in the key of adoration and joyous security (D major) which rules through three parts of the work; but there is a secondary indication of character

by relative tonality, which, beautiful in itself, prepares the way for one of the most beautiful thoughts that ever visited the mind of a musician. We find the key of G distinctively associated with the loving simplicity of the nature of Christ (7, 14), and a first suggestion of this association is given in the melody of the *Christe, eleison*, itself :—



But this happy tone changes for the sombre minor in E towards the close of the *Domine Fili*, when the thought of sacrifice is introduced with the words *Agnus Dei*, and later, when the sacrifice is accomplished, at the close of the *Crucifixus*, which is also in E minor, we come out of darkness and, for one ineffaceable moment, regain the peace and radiance of the major in G.

The closing bars of the *Crucifixus* are a miracle in themselves, but the full apprehension of their meaning depends not only on our perception in them of the immediate beauty of the progression, but on our simultaneous recognition of the atmosphere which has been created in the preceding numbers both for the key we leave and the key we enter. There could be no more wonderful example of structural expression, based on tonality. And so we come back to our idea of repose and of the key-note as its ultimate symbol amid the changing phantasmagoria of musical movement. The key-note is ideally sustained in every composition from start to finish, whenever the structure is musically determined, and by its enduring presence to the mind gives meaning to every modulation, the modulations being related to it as gesture or posture to the centre of equilibrium or as ascending or descending forces to the centre of gravity. Brahms, in a great chorus of his *Requiem*, conveys the sense of final rest and security by sounding the tonic as an organ-point from the first bar to the last, and the thought he there discloses would seem to be implicit in all musical expression and design.

BASIL DE SELINCOURT.

REPERTORY OPERA IN BIRMINGHAM

THE problem of opera in England will be solved by experience gained of several ways of approaching it. We know that touring companies can exist with financial profit for many years, and with a very considerable measure of artistic profit; also that lengthy seasons are possible in one and the same place. Success or failure under such conditions seems to depend on the operas produced being within the capacity of the performers and not over the heads of the audience. We are to know shortly whether or no repertory opera, created and maintained on the lines of repertory drama, is to be a prime means of solving the problem, because Mr. Barry Jackson, of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, in 1921 began work in this direction.

Four operas were given during a four weeks' season in June and July—Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, Boughton's *The Immortal Hour*, and *Così fan tutte*. The Mozart was a revival of a 1920 Birmingham production, Mr. Jackson having experimented that year with a week of performances. There were good audiences in 1920. In 1921 the audiences were exceedingly small for the first twenty-two evenings, the attendance on some nights being apparently no more than a hundred. The singers were young people who had had no previous experience of opera, but had been trained for this work by Mr. Jackson and his assistants. Mr. Appleby Matthews conducted, and the orchestra was a band of local musicians.

It is clearly Mr. Jackson's intention to establish opera as he has already established drama. He will probably succeed, though he is not acquainted with music so completely as with drama, and though music is a more delicate and elusive thing than theatre plays. His first selection of works, however, does not promise a rapid success.

Mr. Jackson built the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in 1913, and made of it a debt-free institution. He supported it for several years, until the company of actors had become a body of experienced artists and a public was formed and educated for the types of art for which the theatre was created. It is now self-supporting, or could be made so, and with no alteration in its high policy.

The beginnings of this important institution lay in a body of amateur players who, from about 1908 to 1912, used to give weekly performances

in Birmingham, chiefly at the Edgbaston Assembly Rooms. They named themselves the Pilgrim Players. Mr. Jackson was a member, and a friend of his, Mr. John Drinkwater, was another. I imagine the Pilgrims received their first stimulus from Mr. Poel's performances around the year 1905 of plays like *Everyman* and the *Faustus* of Marlowe. Their repertory was good, containing nothing of the level of the *Cimarosa* and *Donizetti* operas; it included some moralities, several plays of Shakespeare, some translations from the classical French comedy, and modern pieces by Shaw, Wilde, Galsworthy, and Ibsen. Mr. Drinkwater's early attempts to write poetic drama were given by the Pilgrims. The Pilgrims were not over-serious; I have bright recollections of a remarkable extravaganza produced one winter, with a cast of some thirty persons, and apparently the joint production of the entire company. One of the ideals of the group was to re-establish the former dramatic energies of Merrie England; one member, at least, was assured we were approaching a second Shakespearean epoch. They held that the play was the thing, not the players, and neither announced their names nor took curtain calls. They were opposed to all conventions of the commercial theatre, and considered that any average man could act, or be taught to act. Thus they aimed to destroy the star system, and imported no professional actors from outside Birmingham. These ideals remain in Mr. Jackson's mind and influence his attitude towards repertory opera. Few local actors, however, remain in the Repertory Theatre. The original members have passed mostly into the professional dramatic world, and the company itself is formed of actors who have come to it from that world.

The list of plays produced in the theatre since February 15, 1918, is magnificent. It comprises 163 works, among the authors being Euripides, Shakespeare (fifteen plays), Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Massenger, Vanbrugh, George Colman and Garrick (*The Clandestine Marriage*), Samuel Foote, Goldsmith, Molière, Sheridan, Iascelles Abercrombie, Gordon Bottomley, Gilbert Cannon, Conrad, Drinkwater (seven plays, these mostly short), Galsworthy, Lady Gregory, St. John Hankin (eight plays), Stanley Houghton, Henry Arthur Jones, Pinero, Masefield, Eden Phillpotts, Arnold Bennett, Shaw (nine plays), Synge, Wilde, Yeats, Björnsen, Dumas, Evreinov, José Echegary, Ibsen (six plays), Maeterlinck, Schnitzler, Sierra, Strindberg, Tchekoff, Tolstoy, Zola, and some sixty others. The musician imagines a similar list of opera, and rolls the morsel on his tongue. The plays are produced in great beauty, and usually in a manner intrinsically characteristic, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre being not only in happy financial circumstances, but equally well placed

in respect of the high intellectual and imaginative capacities of the stage managers, designers, and producers.

The building is a delightful room, perfectly suited for minor opera. There are stalls and a balcony, with so swift a fall that wherever you sit you are well above the person in front of you. The acoustics are perfect, but cruel to coarse musical sound. Music like that of *Don Pasquale* is unreservedly exposed; and a scratch on the violin, or a vulgar ejaculation from a brass instrument, are like a deep pin-prick or a violent blow on the ear. Thus opera in the Repertory Theatre must be refined in nature, and the performance must be delicately nuanced and rhythmical, if it is to please the musician and create an audience. In particular must choral singing be good in the room, because the acoustics are such as permit every word to be audible and each part to stand out individually. A murmur penetrates each corner, and pure sound is an absolute delight.

The value of Mr. Jackson's operatic work will depend on the works he passes into his repertory. Since he has no occasion to think of any consideration but the artistic one, we are to assume that the four works already in the repertory represent his ideal of opera—allowance being made, of course, for the facts that singers have still to be trained and a public to be educated.

But this ideal, for the musician, and with all allowances, is not a lofty one, nor the best calculated to win the public. The Donizetti piece has been known for eighty years to be a useless thing. It was put together for a group of four brilliant singers, and did not particularly please even the admirers of those singers. Its music is chiefly commonplace, with touches of the occasionally tolerable sentiment of the school of Donizetti, but with other touches of extreme theatrical vulgarity. Its story is debased:

A wishes two things—to marry B, and to get some money from C. B has the same wishes as A. C is an elderly foolish man. B seduces him into a false marriage with her, and then bullies and deceives him until he is willing to do anything to be rid of her. He is happy to find the marriage is no marriage, and B goes to A with what they desired of the money of C.

This is not the stuff of which the Pilgrim Players formed their art. The Cimarosa is better than the Donizetti in respect of its music; its story is slight, sometimes funny, but quite negative one way or the other. The characters are naturally but "type," and at the best the music is cliché; one does not require to hear it more than twice in a lifetime. *Così fan tutte*, in all but music, is as dead as our respect for the sort of royal mind that ordered the opera to be made. The work has struggled along for over a hundred years, in England to such titles as "Tit for Tat," "The Retaliation," and "They all do it." Once

or twice attempts have been made to adapt the music to new ideas and fresh language, but without success. The story we have to take at each hearing is—

Two gentlemen, A and B, lay a trap to test the fidelity of their respective sweethearts, C and D. In disguise, A tempts D, and B C. Each lady falls, and within twenty-four hours of the pretended departure of their lovers; the gentlemen are variously annoyed and upset; but no one minds the lies or the frailty when matters are explained at the close.

For a hundred years (so low has been the mind we bring to opera) Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, which is one of the few works containing pure thought, ideal sentiment, and the like, has been criticised as a hopeless jumble and a farrago of nonsense.

Such works as these cannot serve as foundation for repertory opera. What is wanted are the musical equivalents of *Everyman*, *The Interlude of Youth*, and Shakespeare. Thoughtful exploration will discover these equivalents. There is permanent vitality in Gluck and Purcell, and a mass of adaptable material in the various Italian schools of the late seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Handel will fill many an evening of opera of the class to be created in the Birmingham Repertory Theatre; and there are many brilliant comedies—true comedies, in story and in music—belonging to the nineteenth century. Modern opera will be safe in Mr. Jackson's hands, so soon as he can find it. But he must establish his opera on older art; and that art is certainly not the art of such faded generations as Donizetti's.

SIDNEY GREW.

SAVITRI, AN OPERA FROM THE SANSKRIT

ABOUT 1780, Richard John Samuel Stevens, afterwards the composer of "Sigh no more, ladies," "Ye spotted snakes," "The cloud-capt towers," and a number of other glees to words by Shakespeare, Ossian and the most esteemed poets of his time, was commissioned to write music for an Indian play. Hindostan was very much in the air at the moment. Colonel Newcome and his schoolfellows at the Charterhouse were dreaming of the exploits of Clive in an enchanted country; and the needs of governing that country were opening the way to the study of its literature. The discovery of Sanskrit was due to Warren Hastings. He realised that the Hindoos should be ruled according to their own laws and customs, and invited a number of learned Brahmans to compile a manual of ancient Indian law. The translation of this digest, published in 1776, was the first Sanskrit work to appear in English, and it was soon followed by other Sanskrit books, the "Bhagavad-gita" and the drama *Sakuntala*. The play to which Stevens wrote music, however, was a symptom of the awakening of interest in Indian things rather than a product of the study of Sanskrit. The *Widow of Malabar* has nothing particularly Indian about it except the name, and its only interest now is that it was one of the earliest plays on an Indian subject for which music was written. There is Dryden's *Aurengzebe* with Purcell's incidental music, but the *Indian Queen*, which contains some of the happiest music Purcell ever wrote, belongs, of course, to the other Indies and is a tragical history of the Incas of Peru.

Stevens made no attempt at local colour; he met the situation by writing the best English music he was able. His symphonic movements are in the manner of Haydn, while his arias have a faint recollection of the *Beggar's Opera*, much influenced by the glee-style. Chance, however, placed in his hands an instrument of oriental design, which he forthwith incorporated in his band. This was a great gong, cast from several different metals; and Stevens may possibly be the first composer in Europe who made use of it in the orchestra. Grove gives an early instance of the gong as an orchestral instrument in Gossec's funeral music in honour of Mirabeau

(1791); but this is more than ten years later than Stevens' music (1778). Cherubini uses it in the "Dies Iræ" of his *Requiem* in C minor (1817), where it comes in once, absolutely alone, with an effect which must be superb. The *Widow of Malabar*, with its music, was performed two or three times and then quickly forgotten. Stevens in his methodical way made a fair copy of the score, added a note about the gong, and had the MS. bound up with his collected works. The volumes were placed in a large leather trunk (so solid that it might have been backwards and forwards to India many times), and remained there until 1913, by which time another English composer, Mr. Gustav Holst, was sketching *Savitri*, an opera on a story taken from a Sanskrit epic.

Between the time of Stevens and that of Holst a great change has come over the attitude of Europeans towards Sanskrit; it is hardly more unusual now for a composer to set Vedic hymns to music than it is for him to play the trombone. It will be recollected that it was an Englishman interned in Paris in 1802 who taught Sanskrit to Friedrich Schlegel; and from that moment Sanskrit became predominantly, if not exclusively, a German study. It led to the discovery of the foundations of the science of language; and its literature has had a lasting effect upon German thought. Schopenhauer, writing in 1818, considered Sanskrit literature to be the greatest advantage which his century had over those which had gone before. He felt that its influence would penetrate no less deeply in the nineteenth century than the revival of Greek in the fifteenth. He was fascinated (like Mr. Holst in his libretto of *Savitri*) with the idea of *Maya*. It is *Maya*, he says in "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung":

Maya, the veil of deception, which blinds the eyes of mortals, and makes them behold a world of which they cannot say either that it is or that it is not: for it is like a dream; it is like the sunshine on the sand which the traveller takes from afar for water, or the stray piece of rope which he mistakes for a snake.—[Haldane's translation.]

And again:

To him who does the works of love the veil of *Maya* has become transparent, the illusion has left him.

The Vedic hymns (some of which Mr. Holst has translated and set to music) are full of the idea that all knowledge of the eternal world is a dream, the veil of *Maya*; and Leconte de Lisle showed by printing poems on Sanskrit subjects side by side with pieces inspired

by ancient Greece, that contemplative calm and Parnassian composure belonged equally to both.

L'invisible Mâyâ, créatrice du monde,
Espoir et souvenir, le rêve et la raison,
L'unique, l'éternelle et sainte Illusion.

Maya,

qui, dans ton sein invisible et béant,
Contiens l'homme et les dieux, la vie et le néant.

Maya, "ce mensonge éternel,"

Se rit de ce qui marche et pleure sous le ciel,
Et qu'en formes sans nombre, illusion féconde,
Avant le cours des temps Elle a rêvé le monde.

It leads to the old metaphysical question : What is real? What is illusion?

¿ Qué es la vida? Un frenesí;
¿ Qué es la vida? Una ilusión,
Una sombra, una ficción,
Y el mayor bien es pequeño;
Que toda la vida es sueño,
Y los sueños, sueño son.

The conception of Maya is important in Mr. Holst's opera; but it is important in all opera, for it is precisely at this point that the function of music comes in; it is the mystery which music is most deft at expressing. In the theatre one of music's chief duties is to create illusion, to make the incredible seem credible and the dreams come true. Which are more "real" to us, the figures of history or the figures of opera? The Antipope, Count of Luna, or the Troubadour? Don John of Austria or Don Giovanni? The little Princes in the Tower or the *Königskinder*? The makers of the Oxford movement or the Old Believers in *Khovantchina*? Men are remembered as much for their apocryphal acts as for what they actually accomplished; but they are never immortalised so securely as they are by music.

To realise how successful Mr. Holst has been in adapting the story of Savitri for the stage it is necessary to see how it looks in its original form. The episode comes into the monster epic of the Mahabharata, the account of the three weeks' battle between two cousins descended from Bharata. Like the *Alcestis*, it is the story of

a faithful wife. Savitri, however, does not die for her husband, but intercedes with Death that he may be restored to her.

Savitri, beautiful as Sri, the Goddess of Fortune, chose for her husband Satyavan, whose father was living in a forest, having been robbed of his kingdom by an enemy. Satyavan, with all his virtues, had one fault. A sage had foretold that he would die at the end of the year; and Savitri's father had advised her to choose another. But Savitri did not hesitate; and with the approval of the wise man married Satyavan, "clothing herself in bark and red garments," and by her helpfulness and kindness winning the hearts of all who knew her. Yet she pondered night and day on the words of the sage, and grew thin and worn through penance. "Satyavan, at the time the sands of his life were nearly run out, took his axe and went into the forest to fetch wood. Savitri followed him, with smiles on her lips at the sight of the flowering wood and the clear rivers, but pained in her heart with sorrow. . . . Satyavan plucked fruit and began to cut the branches of the trees; but as the exertion made him perspire and his head ache, he approached his wife, saying: I would rest and sleep a little. So Savitri sat down on the ground and laid his head on her lap. . . . Then she saw a man who was dressed in red clothing; he had a diadem on his head and a noose in his hand. He came close to Satyavan and stood looking at him. Then Savitri laid her husband's head gently on the ground, and as she rose, said: Thou art a god; tell me what is thy will. Yama answered: Yes, I am Yama; your husband's days are ended, and I have come to lead him away; that is my errand. Savitri replied: I have heard that it is thy messengers who come to fetch mortals; how is it that thou thyself art come? And Yama answered: This prince is virtuous, therefore I have come myself. And Yama drew forth the dead man's soul and began to lead it towards the south. But Savitri followed him. Yama said: Go back, Savitri, and mourn not for thy husband; thou art now freed from thy duties towards thy lord, and canst not accompany us. But Savitri replied: Where my husband goes, there will I follow him; that is eternal law. Yama answered: Thine argument pleaseth me; choose thou a gift, and excepting thy husband's life, whatsoever it be, it shall be granted thee. And Savitri asked first that her father-in-law might have his sight and his kingdom restored to him. And Yama answered: So be it. Next she asked that her father might have a hundred sons to propagate his race, and Yama consented to this also. . . . But Savitri said: The last wish you granted me cannot be fulfilled without my husband, therefore I pray thee give me his life; without him I am as one dead and do not even desire heaven. Thou thyself hast promised me a hundred sons, and yet thou wilt take my husband from me; let Satyavan live that

the promise may be fulfilled. Then at last Yama gave way and Savitri got back her husband."*

It is characteristic of Mr. Holst's attitude—characteristic, too, of his genius—that he has concentrated upon two aspects of the story: its humanity and its mysticism. There is nothing about Satyavan being a prince; he is simply a woodcutter. His father, his past history, and everything not absolutely essential have been omitted. At the performances at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, and at the Royal College of Music, there was no attempt at local colour, or at superficial Indian effects; yet the atmosphere seemed strange and remote, and the thought (to those of the audience who had never been in India) seemed thoroughly in keeping with what they imagined Sanskrit literature to be. Lovat Fraser's costumes and scenery, and Mr. Clive Carey's attitudes, were inspired, evidently, by Indian painting; but the music fortunately made no attempt at orientalism, and the only aggressively Indian thing about the representation was the temperature of the theatre.

The mood of the piece was set by the singing behind the scenes of three of Mr. Holst's Choral Hymns from the Rig-Veda. When the hymns had been sung (the words were Mr. Holst's own translation, and the performers a choir of women's voices and harp), it seemed perfectly natural to hear the unaccompanied voice of Mr. Clive Carey, as Death, announcing to Savitri from behind the scenes that he had come to claim her husband. Savitri (Miss Dorothy Silk) answered in the same manner; and it was as if a word or two of speech slid naturally into unaccompanied singing and a melody which in itself was expressive enough and clear enough to be adequate to all the needs of the dramatic situation. From the beginning, the task of expression lay with the voices. The orchestra behind the scenes was limited to two string quartets, a double bass, two flutes, an English horn, and the choir of female voices. It was nearly always subsidiary and kept well in the background; on the rare occasions when it was used to support a passionate climax (such as the scene between Savitri and Death) it was hardly so successful. Mr. Clive Carey and Miss Dorothy Silk, with Mr. Stuart Wilson as Satyavan, had to bear the whole burden of musical expression as well as making the words intelligible and the opera convincing. That they did so is beyond question; it would not be easy to find another group of singers who could do this for a work such as Mr. Holst's.

The libretto, as has been said, is a simplified and more direct version

* Fausbøll, "Indian Mythology," p. 140.

of the original story. Satyavan, returning home after his day's work, notices that Savitri has something on her mind; he tells her that she is under the influence of Maya. Savitri, who knows the truth and the near approach of Death, replies that she has passed beyond the power of Maya; but Satyavan is unable to realise the danger, and on the approach of the invisible god, seizes his axe. It drops from his hand and he falls insensible. The solemn entry of Death is one of the great moments of the opera. He had already appeared, gliding noiselessly across the back of the stage, with his strange, tall hat and stiff pointed beard; and he now came down the stage looking insuperably imposing and majestic and singing more finely, perhaps, than he has ever done. After a long, impassioned appeal, Savitri's boon is granted, and Death retires. Satyavan revives and relates how, under the influence of Maya, he has dreamed of a menacing stranger; Savitri only is real. Savitri replies that one of the Holy Ones has visited and blessed her. The work of Maya is a summoned enchantment, an inconstant appearance without true being, a veil which surrounds human consciousness, something of which it is equally false and true to say that it is and that it is not.

Savitri, in its intimacy, its contemplative attitude, its reduced resources and the fact that the burden of expression lies wholly with the voices, is more truly an "opéra intime" than any other entertainment of the same name which has been performed lately in London. Mr. Holst has already faced the problems involved in it, and given them practical solution.

J. B. TREND.

THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS MUSIC

A DECADE ago, according to our modern Lacaedemonians, the next war, like all wars, was to bring countless benefits—mental, moral and physical—to a decadent and peace-sodden community. Strange to tell, however, this gospel does not appear so popular now that we have experienced these benefits in practice. In fact, there is, perhaps, only one benefit that might still command universal assent: the Great War did effect an unprecedented mixing up of classes and cliques.

Owing to this salutary and not too unpleasant operation the writer himself was thrown into many and various societies which, speaking generally, had in common only one characteristic: a complete ignorance of and indifference to the musical values that he and, in all probability, his present readers are accustomed to take for granted. Isolated individuals, perhaps, could be found who liked the classics and Wagner—especially Wagner; one or two eccentrics had patronised recitals by Kreisler or Plunket Greene. But these were, most emphatically, the exceptions. And no one at all was interested in modern composers or composition. Names of men like Vaughan-Williams, Ravel, Scriabine, so familiar to all of us, meant nothing at all to any of them. As an illustration, the following dialogue is perhaps worth recording. It took place between the writer, when he joined up with a certain unit in 1916, and his Major—not an ordinary Major, either, but a Major who, in private life, was responsible for the entertainments at a popular seaside resort.

MAJOR: I hear you are a musical nut.

WRITER: ? ?

MAJOR: Well, anyhow, you know all about music. I like classical music, too; I like Mendelssohn's *Spring Song* and *The Bee's Wedding* awfully.

WRITER: ! !

MAJOR: Yes, I do. And one of the most famous composers in England lives at my place.

WRITER: Really, who may that be?

MAJOR (naming a very well-known composer of ballads): "Mr. Smith Robinson."

WRITER (momentarily reverting to type): But he's not a composer at all.

MAJOR: Oh come, my dear chap. *He makes four thousand a year.*

Now, it is obviously ridiculous to classify musical worth in terms of income, but much reflection, induced by the still felt shock of this announcement, has led me to believe the Major was not altogether wrong . . . in theory. After all, by what standard other than success can the plain man judge a composer's worth? Is he to be involved in musicians' quarrels over the respective merits of Elgar and Stanford, Bax and Ireland, Vaughan-Williams and Goossens? How shall he believe aright when one party is continually preaching that the god of the other party is a fraudulent idol? Who shall guide him when one pundit relegates the classics to the rubbish heap and another consigns all music written since the nineteenth century to the waste paper basket? "A plague on both"—and all—"your houses" is his natural retort, and he turns to golf and the cinema, whereat merit and success are practically synonymous. He suffers; music suffers; it is all most unsatisfactory and unhealthy. Let us diagnose the disease a little more precisely.

Writing with considerable experience of Continental Europe I should judge that in no other country did there exist a gap between music and "popular" music so wide as in England. True, there seems to be in France between the adherents of the modern school and the conventional *bourgeois* a gap even wider—a world-famous violinist recently on a visit to London put the total number of "modernists" in France as not more than 10,000 all told—but this phenomenon is very special and not altogether relevant to the point. In no other country, so far as I can judge, would it have been possible for our Major to have made the remark he did, or for me to have received it with such disgust and incredulity. Ask the average middle-class Frenchman not only who is the most famous but the most popular French composer; he will answer, according to his temperament, Gounod or Massenet. Ask an Italian; he will certainly reply, Puccini. Ask a German; he will in all probability vote for Beethoven or Wagner. Now, the reader may not approve of some of these composers, but they are, at any rate, respectable musicians. They are "possibles." They are none of them like "Mr. Smith Robinson," who is, musically, neither respectable nor possible.

The reasons for this phenomenon are, I think, three. Firstly, the especial power in England of the interests that control the "shop-ballad." How great this is will only be apparent to one who has talked to foreign amateurs—not specialists—about English music. They are still inclined to believe that our music begins and ends with the ballad concert. Admittedly music of this class is, alas! a "*spécialité de la maison*." Moreover, I am inclined to think that its characteristics do, in fact, reflect the emotions and sentiments of the majority of that

middle-class which lives in and around our great cities. *Æsthetically*, these people have no emotion that is anything but superficial; their sentiment is sentimentality. To them beauty is synonymous with prettiness, and as for passion, the mother of all art, it is just bad form. Nevertheless, granted that the ballad represents truthfully a certain phase of our civilisation, there can, I think, be no doubt but that its appeal has been artificially emphasised. Alone, among the chaos of English music, the ballad-monger is efficiently, even aggressively, organised. His wares are skilfully pushed and attractively handled. No excuse need be made for these commercial metaphors; the whole matter is one of business pure and simple. From the publisher who commissions the ballad, through the composer who writes it, down to the singer who sings it, everybody is concerned for one purpose: To make as much money as possible. Now, money-making needs discipline and organisation; art, though the better for these qualities, can, and usually does, dispense with them. What chance, when it comes to a battle for popular favour, have the ragged levies of English composers against the trained army of Chappell and Boosey?

Secondly, the lack of English opera deprives English musicians of the best means of attracting public attention to themselves. Opera, far from being the ideal of musical accomplishment, as our Victorian forebears used to think, is probably the least elevated of all forms of musical expression. Neither *æsthetically* nor intellectually can it compare with the symphony or the quartet. But it does serve one great purpose in that its very blatancy attracts the attention of that portion of the public whom the more modest claims of other music might otherwise have left unmoved. And, the introduction to music once effected, friendship, even love, sometimes ensues. How many have learned devotion to music through the mediation of Wagner and Verdi, even of Gounod and Puccini?

Lastly, English composers have to some extent themselves to thank for the public indifference to them and their works. Till quite recently, at any rate, they adopted a priggish, superior attitude that effectually cut them off from any fellowship with the normal community. The academics sinned especially in this respect. Their Beckmesserian pretensions sent a chill down the public spine, and Elgar, who first dared to break the tradition, incurred the displeasure of the orthodox *because* some of his music was at one time popular. Yet the younger men, the revolutionaries, were scarcely better. Writing dreary and lengthy works for enormous orchestras, they seemed to aim only at making performance of their compositions as difficult and expensive as possible. Any attempt to meet current musical requirements appeared to be beneath their dignity. Small wonder, then, that the public knew

nothing of the more serious composers, contenting itself with a rigid boycott of the few concerts where their works were produced. In fairness, however, it must be said that there has been a change for the better during the last few years. English compositions, though they may not fill, no longer empty the Queen's Hall; and it is most significant and hopeful that at the time of writing one of the best songs of one of our best composers is sung every night in a popular entertainment with very great success.

Such, then, are, in my opinion, the reasons for the exceptional cleavage that exists in England between music and "popular" music. But there are general causes, operating here as elsewhere, that must also be considered.

Foremost of these is the very rapid development of the art of music. We are too apt to forget the extreme youth of music as we know it. The father of modern composition, Johann Sebastian Bach, died not two hundred years ago; Beethoven scarcely one hundred; Mozart was born in 1719; Haydn in 1737. Now, compare with these dates the dates of a few of the great masters of painting. Raphael has been dead more than three hundred years; Titian nearly two hundred and fifty. Velazquez was born in 1599; Rembrandt in 1606. Yet it is, I think, true to say that even to modern eyes—the professional revolutionaries, of course, excepted—the Old Masters of Painting do not appear particularly old-fashioned. It is at any rate indubitable that they seem less old-fashioned than their musical compeers who flourished a century or more later. Even the studiously perverse who hail Bach as a modernist will do well to remember that Greco, who has also been hailed as "typically modern," was dead seventy years before Johann Sebastian was born.

There is surely nothing in painting to compare with the rapid evolution of the means of expression that has taken place in music. Mozart and Ravel may be endeavouring to express approximately similar thoughts, but their vocabulary is quite different; whereas, speaking generally, Sargent and Franz Hals use the same language. Indeed the art of music has shot up like a beautiful hot-house flower; its growth and variety have been amazing. But hot-house flowers are not renowned for their hardiness, nor does remarkable growth tend to stability. Music is always outstripping her contemporaries, and there is some danger that, sooner or later, her contemporaries may decide to give up the race in disgust. All art, ultimately considered, must be judged as a relaxation for mankind. And how can there be relaxation when there is no breathing space? Man, by nature excessively rather than insufficiently conservative, will not endure for ever the chase after a will o' the

wisp who becomes more elusive every year, an Egeria whose radicalism appears more pronounced every decade.

Especially, I think, are the relations of the plain man to music becoming strained at the present time. We live in an age of supreme restlessness, often dignified by the name of revolution, which is particularly noticeable in all intellectual and artistic movements. Any sense of the importance of tradition is scoffed at; any doubt of the value of the new for its own sake is regarded as akin to blasphemy. Indeed it is the modern blasphemy.

Now the plain man, who has many other interests in life, usually regards the function of music as one of solace, of inducing dreams and of banishing the sordid facts of drab every-dayness. What, in fact, does he now find? An aggressive, rather minx-like Muse, inclined to practical joking, decked out with tinsel and most insistent and loud in manner. Instead of ministering to his soulful if slightly absurd yearnings, she chucks him under the chin, digs him in the ribs, and generally belabours him for a sentimental idiot. Moreover, having (exceptionally) just acquired an admiration and even a love for the classic form he is now told that everything classical is as dead as mutton—and duller; that modern Russian or French æsthetic should be his only joy. Beethoven and Brahms sleep with their fathers. Stravinski and Schmitt reign in their stead. Schumann . . . pooh! ["So badly shown up by the *Sacre du Printemps*," as one authority confided to me at the Prince's Theatre the other evening.] Verdi . . . ha! ha! Three cheers for Poulenc, Berners and Schönberg! Whereupon the plain man, who has, perhaps, just succeeded in raising his musical culture to the level of Beethoven, Brahms and Schumann and is rather pleased with himself for the accomplishment, finds himself quite at sea again, his sense of values jettisoned, his scale of judgment once more thrown overboard.

Needless to say it is the fashion among musicians to pour scorn upon the plain man and his limitations. Nor has anybody suffered more from them than the writer, who is himself addicted to pedantry, even to modernist pedantry. But, in common fairness, it should be pointed out that the plain man has a legitimate defence. Why should we always expect him to admire everything that is new? Why should he, having once settled down to enjoy one particular musical convention, be scoffed at because he will not join in our last-born admiration for another? Half-unconsciously we have got into the habit of thinking that whatever comes latest in point of time is highest in point of merit—like women's fashions. Yet there are sufficient historical instances to give us pause. There was, let us remember, a time when Mendelssohn was rated as a composer far more profound and worthy than Mozart. The chromatic

banalities of Spohr were hailed as "the last word" in musical boldness. Meyerbeer, in France, was acclaimed as a fulfilment of, if not an improvement upon, Beethoven. Even a sage of the calibre of Samuel Butler could prefer Handel to Bach. And, outside music, the instances are even more glaring. For how many years was not Raphael acclaimed as the ideal painter? Did not Europe once unite in ranking Victor Hugo before Voltaire? In our own time is not an Edwardian Piccadilly Hotel voted an improvement on a Georgian Piccadilly?

The truth is that all æsthetic values, especially contemporary æsthetic values, fluctuate almost as violently and far more unreasonably than securities on the Stock Exchange. So that the plain man has some excuse for not taking the latest fashion in composers at the composer's, still less at the partisan's, valuation of his own merit. Especially, if so be the plain man have a trifle of philosophy, must he feel deliciously sceptical as to the quality of contemporary enthusiasms. Let him observe a fashionable Queen's Hall audience agape before Stravinski. Not one in ten can play a five finger exercise; not one in fifty can read, not one in a hundred can write a note of music. Yet how they shout, how they applaud! All they ask is to be allowed to worship "the latest thing," for the less they understand the more they admire it. And the audience at the Russian Ballet, completely bamboozled by the strange cacophonies of M. Ansermet's newest importations from Paris, is like unto them. Terrible, insincere, pretentious, ignorant people, whose praise and blame is equally insulting, how much to be preferred to you is the rankest Philistine who really enjoys the refrain of a ballad or the lilt of a fox-trot!

But, someone may say, if the plain man is not to be expected to appreciate contemporary music, how are contemporary musicians to survive? Any art that does not create is a dead art, and our music must reflect our civilisation. Which is all perfectly true, but what is not true is that this or any other doctrine is the better for being pushed to its logical conclusion. *μηδὲν ἄγαν*, the epitome not only of the philosopher's, but of all Greek wisdom, is a motto that should adorn every concert-room in Europe. It is a mistake to play too much old music; it is a mistake to play too much new music; everything "too much" is a vice. Now, we moderns, restless and rather unbalanced, suffer particularly in this respect. We seem to love extremes for their own sake, almost hating moderation. It is just this characteristic—the good side of it, for every evil has a corresponding and inherent good—that leads us to lay so much stress on the value of originality. Yet we should reflect that the most artistic nations in the world's history, the Chinese, the Greeks, even the French, have been precisely those which emphasised firstly the importance of tradition,

and only secondly the importance of originality. In my view it is especially this failure to appreciate the importance of tradition which has led to the divorce that undoubtedly exists in England between contemporary music and contemporary life. We have not woven our modern experiments into the general and accepted fabric of our music. Or, rather, when we have attempted so to do, the result has been a failure owing to defective musical education and other causes. Wherefore, to short circuit the difficulty, we have recourse to "stunts." We do not like programmes with one modern piece of music. We like programmes that are all modern—if possible more than modern—music, so that we can rave about them and treat them as a nine-days' wonder. Which is surely the quintessence of the "stunt" philosophy. By this we accelerate artificially the already too rapid evolution of music and increasingly widen the gap between the music of the many and the music of the few. Or, in other words, to revert to our original nomenclature, we differentiate even more sharply the plain man from the specialist.

Now, this is a serious matter. In an age of increasing democracy an art that tends to appeal more and more to the few is in danger of sudden collapse. Yet this is precisely what our "stunt" policy is doing. The supporters of "stunts" are fashionable ladies, would-be patrons of the arts, parasites, conscious or unconscious, and persons whose jaded senses need continual titillation. Emphatically they are not the class of people who view, or who would even wish to view, music as a normal ingredient of everyday life. They are primarily excitement-hungry. Yet it seems clear that this class must, if only from economic pressure, gradually grow less. At present Lady X, with an income of ten thousand a year, is a very valuable friend to music, worth a hundred clerks and small-shopkeepers. But when rising prices, income tax, and a possible capital levy have reduced Lady X's income to five or even three thousand, her musical value begins to appear less striking. Yet Lady X and others like her are the very backbone—if the metaphor be not too complimentary—of the "stunt"-loving class. What will happen to music if Lady X disappears and music has not made friends with the clerk and the small shopkeeper?

Especially in England is the question urgent, for in England the upper and upper-middle classes are noticeably the least musical of the community. And, unlike many of their brethren in America and Continental Europe, the English plutocrats, perhaps from a snobbish desire to emulate the class they have so successfully dispossessed, seem disposed to patronise the racing-stable rather than the concert-hall. A few of their women condescend to music, it is true. But they are fickle folk, only fortuitously interested. One day their passion is opera, the next

a hat shop or aviation. The house built on sand would be stability itself compared with music founded on their support.

St. Cecilia herself, as a writer recently urged in a weekly review, may not be democratic. But her supporters in England most emphatically are not aristocrats either of birth, position or money. The only constant music-loving public here comes from the middle class. It is full of glaring and unpleasant vices; its musical education is bad; its worship of soloists of all descriptions is ludicrous; its very tolerance makes the enthusiast and the fanatic burn with rage. But it has two great virtues: it loves music and it has an infinite capacity for loyalty. When, as in the case of the Sullivan operettas, it discovers something it really likes, its support is so constant, so enthusiastic, as to be positively phenomenal. Yet I am convinced that this support can be had for other music also. Persons responsible for musical entertainments to the armies during the war are agreed that music of the most serious and exacting character was immensely popular—provided the interpretation of it were really of the highest order. But the proviso is essentially important, as musicians whose good intentions are more remarkable than their talents have often discovered to their cost.

Nevertheless, the public is there, and I submit that the capture of it is worth more to music and musicians than all the "stunt" successes of a London season. Moreover, the probability is that these successes do actually alienate it from music as a whole. For the public feels, not unreasonably, that the "stunt" is an exploitation of itself by the musicians, whereas its object is to make use of the musicians to satisfy a need of its daily life. At any rate I am sure that music in England, if it fails to satisfy a need and only attempts to turn itself into a luxury, is economically doomed; for, as a luxury trade, it cannot compete. The choice, speaking broadly, lies between Sir Henry Wood and his promenade concerts on the one hand, and M. Diaghileff and his musical interludes on the other. The ideal solution, of course, is to keep both. But, if the success of one means the extinction of the other—and I am inclined to fear that it does—can any sane man hesitate which of the two to choose?

FRANCIS TOYE.

A VIOLONCELLO LESSON

CASALS'S OBITER DICTA

THE following notes of Casals's public lessons delivered in Paris this summer to various pupils have been supplied by Madame Suggia. They are given here in his own words, and this is practically all he said; but, of course, the main point was his illustrations, which must be imagined from the quotations. He does not want the 'cello to be treated separately from music, and yet he wants its actual achievement so perfect that the instrument ceases to be noticed. He cares more for lightness, grace and, above all, simplicity, than for force and bravura. His own playing was subtle and delicate, almost feminine—or, as another member of the audience said, thinking partly of his recent illness, "ce n'est plus Casals qui joue, c'est son ombre"; but just because of that the whole thing had a magnetic touch and held the public.

General remarks.

Je ne dis pas que je dise la vérité. Il me semble, seulement; et je dirai toujours "il me semble."

Le pourquoi je ne le sais pas: c'est parceque la musique est comme ça.

La justesse: il faut penser tout le temps. (True intonation can only be got by thinking hard.)

Parceque c'est difficile, il ne faut pas le faire plus vite.

Of playing musically.

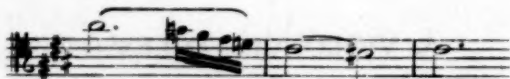
Naturalité et simplicité, c'est très difficile. (This of a passage—



in Beethoven's A major; and of another—



grande émotion; faites un piano qui ait un sentiment.) Another he described as "merveilleuse,"



and quoted by way of comparison the opening phrase of the first violins in the *Scene am Bach*,



"Immatériel" (unearthly), he said of the theme of the first movement of the A major, where it occurs *pp* in D major, and of the opening solo of No. 4. After these two sonatas had been gone through, the pupil, who showed himself to be inappreciative, was asked to bring another piece—il faut attaquer ces œuvres très tard dans la vie; il faut presque être très vieux pour bien les sentir.

Of the two pauses—



he merely said "dans votre conviction."

Of the violoncello generally.

Il faut laisser le côté cellistique pour le côté musique,—and—sans qu'on entende le côté violoncelle.

Le violoncelle n'a rien à faire avec la musique,—and then, what seems contradictory, but is not—au point de vue violoncellistique, ce qui veut dire, musicalement.

Style.

Il ne faut pas mêler une chose avec une autre.

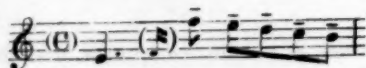
Pas assez carré—said of





gentil, menu, gai.

In Schumann,



vous pouvez le préparer avec plus de charme,—showing how to insert the auxiliary semiquaver.

Technique.

(stretch) Plus les distances sont longues plus il faut s'abstenir du glissando exagéré.

(bow) Laissez sortir le son librement—i.e., with light, dangled bow.

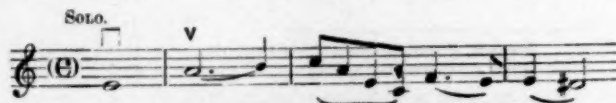
Au talon, pourvu que vous obteniez de l'effet : faites du bruit. This was said of an arpeggio passage, which the pupil was taking with a timid up bow, when all that was wanted was some stout filling-up harmony. Changez rapidement, de façon qu'on n'entende pas la division.

C'est peut-être contre les traditions, mais c'est plus musical. This of a passage



where "les traditions" prescribe equal notes, and he wanted the first of each pair with an accent.

Crescendo, parceque vous allez vers le talon. This was said of the up bow, which he took in the second bar of



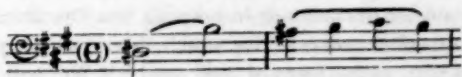
[It is given as it was said, though, standing thus without explanation, it sounds a little heretical. Perhaps he meant that if you took the up bow there (which you needn't) it would give you (because you were a beginner) a crescendo (whereas, if you played properly, the up and down bows would be level); and so, as he couldn't correct everything, he left that point.]

Pas se laisser entraîner par l'archet; il faut le dominer; i.e., don't let bow and fingers get apart.

(*fingering*) Choisissez les doigts qui conviennent au passage et à votre main.

Ce n'est pas expressif d'employer le quatrième doigt. He made a special point of this. The third finger is the one he almost invariably employs for a prolonged note with vibrato. See the illustration in MUSIC AND LETTERS, Vol. 1., p. 107.

(*intonation*) Le demi-ton du piano est faux, mais nous pourrions le corriger dans notre instrument;



le plus rapproché le plus expressif.

S'il faut déplacer la main, généralement on la déplace avec les demi-tons. This, as opposed to the usual German way of making the shift at the tones.

Jouer dans les positions hautes c'est très difficile, mais cela n'excuse pas de jouer faux.

When circumstances called for it he was capable of a gentle, not unkindly, sarcasm.

Quand on travaille soigneusement on a des surprises.

C'est très difficile de faire une note; et trois notes, alors!

Vous jouez faux, mais la généralité joue encore plus faux que vous. This to a boy who was really playing fairly well in tune, but "addressed" to others who had not done so.

Je suis étonné que vous l'attrapiez chaque fois. With a smile, to one who was getting the right notes in the wrong way.

Très difficile d'aller à tempo—a parenthetical remark to the accompanist.

THE EDITOR.

WRITTEN AT RANDOM

I. THE FASCINATION OF THE OPUS NUMBER.

It is not clear who first used Opus numbers, but the inventor was a real benefactor to musicians. It seems that the system of labelling works by numbers came into practice towards the close of Mozart's life and thenceforward it has been almost universally adopted. In fact, I believe that there are a large class of composers who write pieces solely for the pleasure of opusing them. In the case of composers whose many works are frequently being played the system is admirable, because we do want to know, if we see on a programme a Trio in B flat of Beethoven, whether it is the early or late one, or whether Chopin's Study in G flat is Op. 10 or Op. 25. There is a further fascination for the amateur in noticing how Op. numbers affect us. If at a chamber concert, for which there was no programme printed, the leader came forward and said, "We will now play Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 18, No. 3," we should put our minds into easy chairs, so as to lap it all in at luxurious ease; but suppose he had said, "We will play Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 127," we should assume profound expressions and take a firm stance (musically) with both feet. How different is the case of Schumann's Opus numbers, which relax our attention the nearer they approach one hundred and fifty.

As far as the public is concerned, when pieces are endowed with names, such as "Evening Hymn" or "Salutation," the necessity of using Opus numbers becomes less clear and suggests that the music was made for the Op., not the Op. for the music. Think, for instance, of the bulk of Gurlitt's stuff, presumably written for children; though why for children always baffles me. Surely music for children should reach the high-water mark of concentrated beauty because, whereas a grown-up person can play through a Gurlitt piece at sight and then light his pipe, a child has to toil laboriously for weeks, and ends by thinking that music is a poor thing when you get to know it. In spite of the fact that no one cares which piece of Gurlitt is to be played, every piece of his is Op.-ed, but, as far as the general public is concerned, they could be all equally well skipped.

We can all understand the delight in opusing one's music. It must be something akin to making a fine score at cricket. Every composer heaves a sigh of relief when he sees Op. 1 go up on the board; at

least he has broken his duck and is in the running with Beethoven and Brahms. As he nears his 50 he grows nervous, but that passed he sweeps on successfully until he reaches the nineties, when a distinct twitching is visible; and then, what radiance at Op. 100! (Was it chance that made Brahms' Op. 100 so cheerful?)

Again, for composers there is another fascination—playing Opus-snap with one's predecessors. Elgar got a splendid snap with Beethoven once—one can see the cards lying face upwards upon the table—Ludwig Beethoven, violin concerto, Op. 61. Edward Elgar, violin concerto, Op. 61. Perhaps Elgar was not playing quite fairly, as Beethoven had played his card so much sooner, but anyway it was a good snap. Finally, the glory of one's work being known by its Opus number! How I should love to hear at a party, "Oh, Miss X, do play us something," and then, as Miss X approached the piano, to hear her say: "Shall I play you the Op. 111?" by which she would mean my last sonata. To achieve this distinction one would have to avoid the famous Opus numbers—Op. 53, which is the Waldstein Sonata, the Alto Rhapsody of Brahms and Chopin's A flat Polonaise, or Op. 47, which is the "Kreutzer," Chopin's A flat Ballade and Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for strings. It might be rather difficult to find a really vacant Opus number and even then my masterpiece might never reach that frequency of performance to make its Opus number familiar. I think I know of one certain way to achieve this enviable distinction—I shall write a Symphonic Poem with the title blazoned in gold and red letters, Op. 1; and then, perhaps, people will be obliged to give me the pleasure of hearing my work spoken of by its Opus number only.

II. INTONAL SERVITUDE.

There is no state of man more pitiable than slavery, and there is no slavery more pitiless than that imposed upon a man by his own theory. The history of art, like the history of mankind, is a repeated attempt by a great man to educate his fellowmen from the slavery in which they toil only to place them in bondage to a new theory as desolating as that from which they have just been freed. The instance in music which springs most readily to the mind is that of Wagner, who compelled musicians to quit the slavery of the Italian opera convention, and so successful was his campaign that he conquered every country, and then imposed a yet more awful tyranny upon musicians in the system of drama built upon his own method of using representative themes.

Now there appears Scriabin, who sought to destroy the convention, as he saw it, of the structure of music in everyday use. Apparently, after serving a short apprenticeship to his predecessors, he sentenced

WRITTEN AT RANDOM

I. THE FASCINATION OF THE OPUS NUMBER.

It is not clear who first used Opus numbers, but the inventor was a real benefactor to musicians. It seems that the system of labelling works by numbers came into practice towards the close of Mozart's life and thenceforward it has been almost universally adopted. In fact, I believe that there are a large class of composers who write pieces solely for the pleasure of opusing them. In the case of composers whose many works are frequently being played the system is admirable, because we do want to know, if we see on a programme a Trio in B flat of Beethoven, whether it is the early or late one, or whether Chopin's Study in G flat is Op. 10 or Op. 25. There is a further fascination for the amateur in noticing how Op. numbers affect us. If at a chamber concert, for which there was no programme printed, the leader came forward and said, "We will now play Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 18, No. 3," we should put our minds into easy chairs, so as to lap it all in at luxurious ease; but suppose he had said, "We will play Beethoven's Quartet, Op. 127," we should assume profound expressions and take a firm stance (musically) with both feet. How different is the case of Schumann's Opus numbers, which relax our attention the nearer they approach one hundred and fifty.

As far as the public is concerned, when pieces are endowed with names, such as "Evening Hymn" or "Salutation," the necessity of using Opus numbers becomes less clear and suggests that the music was made for the Op., not the Op. for the music. Think, for instance, of the bulk of Gurlitt's stuff, presumably written for children; though why for children always baffles me. Surely music for children should reach the high-water mark of concentrated beauty because, whereas a grown-up person can play through a Gurlitt piece at sight and then light his pipe, a child has to toil laboriously for weeks, and ends by thinking that music is a poor thing when you get to know it. In spite of the fact that no one cares which piece of Gurlitt is to be played, every piece of his is Op.-ed, but, as far as the general public is concerned, they could be all equally well skipped.

We can all understand the delight in opusing one's music. It must be something akin to making a fine score at cricket. Every composer heaves a sigh of relief when he sees Op. 1 go up on the board; at

least he has broken his duck and is in the running with Beethoven and Brahms. As he nears his 50 he grows nervous, but that passed he sweeps on successfully until he reaches the nineties, when a distinct twitching is visible; and then, what radiance at Op. 100! (Was it chance that made Brahms' Op. 100 so cheerful?)

Again, for composers there is another fascination—playing Opus-snap with one's predecessors. Elgar got a splendid snap with Beethoven once—one can see the cards lying face upwards upon the table—Ludwig Beethoven, violin concerto, Op. 61. Edward Elgar, violin concerto, Op. 61. Perhaps Elgar was not playing quite fairly, as Beethoven had played his card so much sooner, but anyway it was a good snap. Finally, the glory of one's work being known by its Opus number! How I should love to hear at a party, "Oh, Miss X, do play us something," and then, as Miss X approached the piano, to hear her say: "Shall I play you the Op. 111?" by which she would mean my last sonata. To achieve this distinction one would have to avoid the famous Opus numbers—Op. 53, which is the Waldstein Sonata, the Alto Rhapsody of Brahms and Chopin's A flat Polonaise, or Op. 47, which is the "Kreutzer," Chopin's A flat Ballade and Elgar's Introduction and Allegro for strings. It might be rather difficult to find a really vacant Opus number and even then my masterpiece might never reach that frequency of performance to make its Opus number familiar. I think I know of one certain way to achieve this enviable distinction—I shall write a Symphonic Poem with the title blazoned in gold and red letters, Op. 1; and then, perhaps, people will be obliged to give me the pleasure of hearing my work spoken of by its Opus number only.

II. INTONAL SERVITUDE.

There is no state of man more pitiable than slavery, and there is no slavery more pitiless than that imposed upon a man by his own theory. The history of art, like the history of mankind, is a repeated attempt by a great man to educate his fellowmen from the slavery in which they toil only to place them in bondage to a new theory as desolating as that from which they have just been freed. The instance in music which springs most readily to the mind is that of Wagner, who compelled musicians to quit the slavery of the Italian opera convention, and so successful was his campaign that he conquered every country, and then imposed a yet more awful tyranny upon musicians in the system of drama built upon his own method of using representative themes.

Now there appears Scriabin, who sought to destroy the convention, as he saw it, of the structure of music in everyday use. Apparently, after serving a short apprenticeship to his predecessors, he sentenced

himself to tonal servitude for life. Thus, to escape from the chords in use, he deliberately chose a series of notes and said "These be thy common chords, O Scriabin," and then he forced his thought into the mould he had made. Of course it may be argued that this is what every other composer does, except that every other composer is not original enough to invent his own mould. The truth is that whereas Scriabin forces his thought into his own mould to the exclusion of all others, the rest of the composers are, or should be, prepared to use every form and shape that their music demands. On the face of it Scriabin is the slave rather than the master of his thought, because he subjected his art to a system, and art like the spirit (which it is) bloweth where it listeth. His method resembles that of a golfer who invents a club for extricating his ball from a gorse-bush and thereafter plays the game for the rest of his life with the same club. Everyone would admit that the club was excellent for its purpose, but that as a driver or putter it was liable to cause trouble. So also everyone admits that Scriabin's chords are admirable for certain effects, but that, when an entire work is constructed upon one chord, the effect is wearisome and the composer's purpose defeated. How refreshing it would have been to have had the Allegro of the tenth sonata set off by a quiet period in simple harmony; how much more arresting would have been its first appearance if the ear had not been jaded by a surfeit of anticipatory noises in the prologue. Contrast the workmanship of Scriabin with that of Elgar and notice how the elemental theme in the second symphony, obviously fabricated with as much ingenuity as any theme of Scriabin, is set off by periods of simplicity, so that its terrifying message strikes the listener like a passage from a drama of Aeschylus. In fact, Elgar realises that theories are but landmarks to guide an artist through the wilderness of immaturity into the land of perfect self-expression. Consequently he is always master of his technique, while Scriabin is a slave to his own. No doubt there is already another infant Moses weeping among the bulrushes, destined to lead mankind from the bondage of complexity into the bondage of simplicity. Is it possible that the Archaic is to be the hero of the new Exodus?

III. THE HUMANITY OF THE ARTIST.

Prophets and teachers of art, whether it be literature, music, religion or painting, have always laid before their disciples the miraculous side of their hero's work. Teachers of Christianity insist upon the divine and miraculous element in Christ's work, forgetting that the miraculous side, except for creating astonishment, affords us no help in our daily lives; if we could turn stones into bread, and water

into wine, the problem of labour would be solved; if we could vanish at will, the difficulty of showing moral courage in the face of a hostile crowd would be shelved. But as it is we shall always have to work for our daily bread, and to second the nobility of our opinions with the strength of our arms. And so it is with other arts. To descend to a lower plane for a moment, the cricket enthusiasts love to tell their promising pupils that Ranjitsinhji could glide or cut balls on the middle stump, but they would be better advised to tell them that he practised particular strokes for several hours a day.

In painting, we have all been told, while struggling with a dirty misshapen curve, that Giotto could draw a perfect circle at one sweep; in literature, when we are in the throes of writing a verse upon some event of local interest, our artistic friends will tell us to our comfort that Coleridge wrote "Kubla Khan" in a dream; in piano playing, when we wobble through a lengthy shake with an uncertain touch, our teachers tell us that Liszt could play shakes perfectly with his fourth and fifth fingers; and while grappling with the meaning of the "Agamemnon," the information about the prodigious classical knowledge of John Stuart Mill in his cradle simply makes us furious.

In every case, the same futile policy is taken and the neophyte turns sadly away, for he had great ambition. The real duty of teachers of art, musicians, priests, painters and poets, is to put before their disciples the human side of their hero's life. Ignore the miracles of Christ and dwell upon the preparation He undertook for His ministry—ignore Liszt's phenomenal fingers and read passages from his letters wherein he reveals the enormous amount of technical drill he underwent—ignore the compass-like perfection of Giotto and enlarge upon the insatiable passion for work throughout Michael Angelo's life—ignore Coleridge's unconscious rhapsodising and ponder upon Milton preparing himself by years of study for the writing of "Paradise Lost"; then the enthusiasm of the disciple will not be damped, but will be rather increased, for he will say within himself "What man has done a man may ever do." And though he will not raise the dead to life, nor write a second "Kubla Khan," nor play a shake with Lisztian brilliancy, yet he will perhaps become a better man, will write a better ode, and will no doubt play Bach's immortal works with better tone and with a more convincing revelation of their meaning.

IV. ALL HEAD AND NO HEART.

The crime of being clever is very hard to live down. The clever person is suspected of being insincere though it is probable that the

himself to tonal servitude for life. Thus, to escape from the chords in use, he deliberately chose a series of notes and said "These be thy common chords, O Scriabin," and then he forced his thought into the mould he had made. Of course it may be argued that this is what every other composer does, except that every other composer is not original enough to invent his own mould. The truth is that whereas Scriabin forces his thought into his own mould to the exclusion of all others, the rest of the composers are, or should be, prepared to use every form and shape that their music demands. On the face of it Scriabin is the slave rather than the master of his thought, because he subjected his art to a system, and art like the spirit (which it is) bloweth where it listeth. His method resembles that of a golfer who invents a club for extricating his ball from a gorse-bush and thereafter plays the game for the rest of his life with the same club. Everyone would admit that the club was excellent for its purpose, but that as a driver or putter it was liable to cause trouble. So also everyone admits that Scriabin's chords are admirable for certain effects, but that, when an entire work is constructed upon one chord, the effect is wearisome and the composer's purpose defeated. How refreshing it would have been to have had the Allegro of the tenth sonata set off by a quiet period in simple harmony; how much more arresting would have been its first appearance if the ear had not been jaded by a surfeit of anticipatory noises in the prologue. Contrast the workmanship of Scriabin with that of Elgar and notice how the elemental theme in the second symphony, obviously fabricated with as much ingenuity as any theme of Scriabin, is set off by periods of simplicity, so that its terrifying message strikes the listener like a passage from a drama of Aeschylus. In fact, Elgar realises that theories are but landmarks to guide an artist through the wilderness of immaturity into the land of perfect self-expression. Consequently he is always master of his technique, while Scriabin is a slave to his own. No doubt there is already another infant Moses weeping among the bulrushes, destined to lead mankind from the bondage of complexity into the bondage of simplicity. Is it possible that the Archaic is to be the hero of the new Exodus?

III. THE HUMANITY OF THE ARTIST.

Prophets and teachers of art, whether it be literature, music, religion or painting, have always laid before their disciples the miraculous side of their hero's work. Teachers of Christianity insist upon the divine and miraculous element in Christ's work, forgetting that the miraculous side, except for creating astonishment, affords us no help in our daily lives; if we could turn stones into bread, and water

into wine, the problem of labour would be solved; if we could vanish at will, the difficulty of showing moral courage in the face of a hostile crowd would be shelved. But as it is we shall always have to work for our daily bread, and to second the nobility of our opinions with the strength of our arms. And so it is with other arts. To descend to a lower plane for a moment, the cricket enthusiasts love to tell their promising pupils that Ranjitsinhji could glide or cut balls on the middle stump, but they would be better advised to tell them that he practised particular strokes for several hours a day.

In painting, we have all been told, while struggling with a dirty misshapen curve, that Giotto could draw a perfect circle at one sweep; in literature, when we are in the throes of writing a verse upon some event of local interest, our artistic friends will tell us to our comfort that Coleridge wrote "Kubla Khan" in a dream; in piano playing, when we wobble through a lengthy shake with an uncertain touch, our teachers tell us that Liszt could play shakes perfectly with his fourth and fifth fingers; and while grappling with the meaning of the "Agamemnon," the information about the prodigious classical knowledge of John Stuart Mill in his cradle simply makes us furious.

In every case, the same futile policy is taken and the neophyte turns sadly away, for he had great ambition. The real duty of teachers of art, musicians, priests, painters and poets, is to put before their disciples the human side of their hero's life. Ignore the miracles of Christ and dwell upon the preparation He undertook for His ministry—ignore Liszt's phenomenal fingers and read passages from his letters wherein he reveals the enormous amount of technical drill he underwent—ignore the compass-like perfection of Giotto and enlarge upon the insatiable passion for work throughout Michael Angelo's life—ignore Coleridge's unconscious rhapsodising and ponder upon Milton preparing himself by years of study for the writing of "Paradise Lost"; then the enthusiasm of the disciple will not be damped, but will be rather increased, for he will say within himself "What man has done a man may ever do." And though he will not raise the dead to life, nor write a second "Kubla Khan," nor play a shake with Lisztian brilliancy, yet he will perhaps become a better man, will write a better ode, and will no doubt play Bach's immortal works with better tone and with a more convincing revelation of their meaning.

IV. ALL HEAD AND NO HEART.

The crime of being clever is very hard to live down. The clever person is suspected of being insincere though it is probable that the

suspicion is born of fear or envy. But it is natural for us to look askance at a man who can utter the deepest thoughts of his nature in elegant phrases and brilliant paradoxes. We feel that Mr. Chesterton is too clever in his serious work to be taken seriously, though it may be quite natural for him to express his convictions while juggling with words, just as it may be natural for a conjuror to protest his whole-hearted love to a credulous damsel while he practises substituting the queen of diamonds for the queen of hearts. Perhaps, the profounder his emotions, the defter his juggling; so that on hearing of the death of his pet cat he might spin a plate on each of his ten fingers, simply through the frenzy of his grief.

This dictum—all head and no heart—spoken of Cherubini, has also been thought or said of Bach and Brahms. It is incredible to think of Bach's music being so condemned, knowing it as we do now. It is equally incredible to read contemporary criticisms of Brahms' works, e.g., Schelle says in the *Presse*, apropos of the G major Sextet: "Brahms may be called the virtuoso in the modern development of the quartet style . . . but only that can reach the heart which proceeds from the heart, and the sextet comes from the head and the hand." Of neither Bach nor Brahms is this true, and we turn to Cherubini with something approaching sympathy. That he was amazingly clever his work quite clearly shows, but the verdicts upon his music are rather bewildering. Mendelssohn (I believe) first coined this expression about him—all head and no heart; yet Beethoven, who owed a great deal to Cherubini, thought him the greatest operatic composer of his time, a verdict which would imply a certain amount of heart. The writer in Grove's Dictionary does not seem to agree with his own opinion, for he speaks in one place of Cherubini's epic calmness and in other of his greatest quality "the power of exciting emotion." Can emotion be excited by calmness, epic or lyric? If we examine one of his scores, for instance the D minor Mass, we have not got far before we are conscious of the strength of the music. The second Kyrie is "head," but it is the cleverness of the juggler, now a prisoner at the bar, pleading for mercy. In his passionate appeal he keeps unconsciously juggling, now running an ink-pot up his arm or spinning the Bible upon one finger. In other clever parts, such as the "Amen" chorus, the juggler simply juggles with everything because he is happy. There is a very different atmosphere about "Et in spiritum," a perfectly proportioned little movement of exquisite grace and refinement. And what can we say of the "Quoniam," with its piquant rhythm and springlike exhilaration? Cherubini's music is certainly intellectual, but there is a great deal more in it than cleverness, and perhaps some day the reproach that has hung about him will, like

the summer's fog, pass away, letting us feel the warmth of the sun which was never really absent.

V. THE PLACE OF ART IN THE WORKS OF THOMAS HARDY.

The ignorance of art displayed by men of letters is notorious—either they admit their lack of appreciation by their silence or else they betray their lack of understanding by their words. In the first group we can place Fielding, Scott, Dickens and George Eliot, who do not reveal any personal interest in art, though occasionally they foist some artistic pursuit upon some secondary character. George Eliot's position is peculiar. She certainly makes a very eloquent appeal to be allowed to join the choir invisible, but if any testimony to her musical understanding had to be discovered in her writings, her request would have to be refused, unless, of course, it was also a choir inaudible. In the second group we can place the majority of novelists, such as Jane Austen, who, though reputed to be musical, is rather unhappy in her excursions into music. Why, for instance, should Mary Bennett play a long and elaborate concerto at a drawing-room party? Of course, it is not impossible; still it is, an almost incredible performance. To Jane Austen, however, all artists must be grateful for having coined, and placed on the lips of Lady Catherine de Bourgh, the imperishable remark that if she had practised she would have been a great proficient.

In addition to these groups there is a small class of novelists who write with a specialist's knowledge of some particular subject. In this class the most notable are probably Romain Rolland, George Moore, and on a smaller scale E. F. Benson. Yet, although Rolland has a vast knowledge of music, and because George Moore has an amazing misunderstanding of music, neither has produced the perfect musical novel, though Evelyn Innes is a finer study of a certain type of singer than Jean Christophe is of a composer. The novel in which a composer's life, both as a man and a creative artist, is intimately revealed, has yet to be written; for although Rolland shows us the composer's soul, he does not take us into his workshop and let us see the works growing from the merest insignificant fragments into the final shape; he rather writes the story of a musical man who occasionally produced compositions which were apparently born and nurtured without labour.

When we turn to the works of Thomas Hardy we find an entirely different treatment of art which is in its widest sense a real part of human life, not a by-product. Just as he understands life as a man

so he understands art, and in this respect he differs from nearly all other authors. If we compare him with George Meredith we have a feeling that Hardy loved life and found his means of expression in literature, but that Meredith loved literature and used life as matter for his expression.

Furthermore, Hardy's artistic sense is not limited to one art, but he moves with certainty among all arts, mingling freely their various forms. Thus we find that his love of astronomy is in a certain sense a love of architectural immensities; that he is equally capable of regarding a fine tune in terms of a Gothic arch as he is of admiring a fine building as a masterly symphonic stone-poem. His method as an artist is Christ's method, that is, he takes as his standpoint the common knowledge of mankind such as any normal person without any particular technical knowledge can comprehend; then, having established this position, he occasionally throws the brilliance of his own intellect upon it, thereby revealing the myriad thoughts that lie behind. In "Two on a Tower," for instance, he takes astronomy as his theme. It may be that the astronomical knowledge displayed therein is very elementary, but to an ordinary reader it sounds normal and unstrained; but who is there, astronomer or not, who is not struck by the following passage from the same novel?—

(Swithin St. Cleve is talking.) "Until a person has thought out the stars and their interspaces he has hardly learnt that there are things much more terrible than monsters of shape, namely, monsters of unknown shape. Such monsters are the voids and waste places of the sky. Look, for instance, at those pieces of darkness in the Milky Way," he went on, pointing with his finger to where the galaxy stretched across over their heads with the luminousness of a frosted web. "You see that dark opening in it near the Swan? There is still a more remarkable one south of the Equator, called the coal-sack, as a sort of nickname that has a farcical force from its very inadequacy. In these, our sight plunges quite beyond any twinklers we have yet visited. Those are deep wells for the human mind to let itself down into, leave alone the human body! And to think of the side caverns and secondary abysses to right and left as you pass on."

His love of architecture is manifest throughout his writings, and though his special studies of architecture in "The Laodicean" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" may sound very sorry stuff to a practising architect, yet he never stifles these books with knowledge, as George Eliot stifles "Romola." His sense of architecture is not confined to the moulding of windows and the restoration of churches; it is a feeling for form and balance, and it is this which makes his novels so finely proportioned and logical.

So with music. Although Thomas Hardy rarely descends to the technical, yet he shows a clear understanding of an organ (and

incidentally of an organ blower of the old school) in his novel "The Hand of Ethelberta." He also shows an easy familiarity with the string orchestra, the clarinet, bassoon and serpent, picked up doubtless through actual contact with village bands used in churches and at village festivities before the disastrous invasion of the harmonium began. Contemporary music scarcely exists for him. He never alludes to any music of an accredited composer, except that in his first novel "Desperate Remedies" he makes Aeneas Marison play the Pastoral Symphony, presumably Handel's, to Cytherea during the thunderstorm; and in "The Laodicean" the thorough-paced villain, Dare, whistles a tune from an opera by Offenbach, by which fact Hardy shows the complete alienation of the young cosmopolite from the rest of his beloved Wessex-folk.

It must be confessed that his one effort at the delineation of a professional musician is unconvincing, but it may be the result of our wide separation from the music of the Victorian age. It is rather a shock to find Julian, the young organist of Melchester, who is spoken of on all sides as a man of exceptional ability, publishing a "March" and a "Morning and Evening Service in E flat." We would have been more inclined to agree about his unusual ability if he had written a string quintet in G minor.

When, however, Hardy is in his beloved country and moving among familiar scenes, then his musical sympathy is shown at its best, such as in his description of the elemental music of Egdon Heath, and in his reproduction with photographic, even gramophonic accuracy of the village music of a hundred years ago.

No revival of folk-singing and country dancing can reproduce for us the healthy state of English music of those days so perfectly as the delightful novel "Under the Greenwood Tree," a painting in the Dutch school.

When a domestic festivity occurs in his novels we know that a miracle is about to take place and that we are to be guests at the party; we see every step the dancers take to the tunes "Nancy's Fancy," "The Devil's Dream," or "Soldiers' Joy"; we notice the old tranter's anxiety to be able to sing his song "which pleased all so greatly in '4," and we hear him break at his own suggestion into "Come in from the foggy, foggy dew," or, with a sudden shiver, we find ourselves ploughing through the frosted snow while old William admonishes the singers about the difficulties of "Remember God's goodness." It will be noticed that this music is never associated with the aristocracy of the novels, who represent the invasion of self-conscious culture, but any character who is born and bred of the soil, whatever that may be, is shadowed by a *leitmotiv* of folk-tunes, whether it be Dick Dewey

singing "The lads and the lasses a sheep-shearing go," or Donald Farfrae sighing for his "ain countree."

The growth of the folk-music and its progress towards perfection through the recurring improvements of succeeding generations is a theory delightfully illustrated in "Under the Greenwood Tree," when the leader of the little band suggests repeatedly, with all the enthusiasm of a creative artist, that they should play Samuel Wakely's tune "as improved by me." So, doubtless, the folk music grew through the unrecorded ages and we can imagine the village musician, flushed and nervous, singing or playing the tune learnt from his parents and introducing a slightly altered rhythm or phrase which his own enthusiasm assures him is an improvement.

This intimacy with art, which reveals the sensitive mind of the author, we find definitely stated as his own philosophy in "The Hand of Ethelberta." He calls all artists, be they poets, musicians, or painters, "translators of Nature's oracles." He also says in the same novel, "It is rarely that a man who can be entered and made to throb by the channel of his ears is not open to similar attack through the channel of his eyes—for many doors will admit to one mansion—allowance being made for the readier capacity of chosen organs."

This philosophy and the literature in which it is embedded is a valuable legacy to us from the past century; and the spirit which lies behind it should be a splendid counsellor to future creative artists who seek with absolute sincerity to become not expositors of this or that theory but real translators for the world's enlightenment of the oracles of Nature.

ALEXANDER BRENT SMITH.

MUSIC PURE AND APPLIED

An Attempted Accommodation

Not many years ago, when Sir Henry Wood was introducing to England Richard Strauss's striking series of Symphonic Poems, there was a good deal of discussion in the musical world about programme music; about its legitimacy and about its rank and value. There was a marked difference of opinion. There were critics and musicians who maintained that it was the final and supreme form of the art; there were others who denied that it was a legitimate form at all. There was, moreover, as it seemed to me, a considerable confusion in the meanings attached to the term by the several controversialists.

The definitions given in Grove's Dictionary of programme music and of abstract or absolute music are not very precise, but one may take them for a starting point. Absolute or abstract music, according to the Dictionary, is a term applied to music that derives none of its interest from anything external to itself; whereas "the term programme music," says the Dictionary, "though often loosely used, was originally intended to apply to that small but interesting class of music which, while unaccompanied by words, seeks to portray or at least to suggest a certain definite series of objects or events." I propose to deal with programme music only in this more accurate and restricted sense; with programme music, that is, as exemplified in Liszt's and Strauss's symphonic poems; and not as merely descriptive music with poetic titles.

Richard Strauss himself disposed of the question in an off-hand dictum. "There is no such thing," he said, "as abstract music. If music is good, it means something and then it is programme music." That was indeed a short way with the dissenters; but, of course, it begs the question. If all good music is programme music, there is an end of the discussion. A Bach fugue is as much programme music as the *Sinfonia Domestica*. Dr. Niecks, again, who wrote a big book about programme music, to which I am indebted for much information, though he does not go to the length of this fling of Strauss, goes a very long way. He includes within the term song and opera as well as dramatic overtures and all instrumental pieces with descriptive titles. If that is the sense in which we are to understand the term,

then again there is an end of the discussion. For in that sense half the acknowledged literature of music is programme music. Every wedding or funeral march is programme music. The savage's war tom-tom is programme music.

In the controversy clearly something more definite and restricted was meant. What the controversialists had, in fact, in mind were the symphonic poems of Strauss and the earlier examples of Berlioz and Liszt. It was Liszt who invented the term symphonic poem to distinguish this kind of composition from the classical symphonies of absolute music. It was these symphonic poems that Mr. Ernest Newman had in mind when he wrote his able and exhaustive essay on programme music, to which I desire to acknowledge my great indebtedness. Mr. Newman acclaimed the symphonic poem as the climax and consummation of musical evolution. In his view Wagner became a forerunner to prepare the way for Strauss, because in the symphonic poem the musical expression of the poetic idea was emancipated from the anomalies and absurdities of opera. It was, by the way, a little unkind that just when the disciple was acclaiming the supreme triumph of the Master, the Master himself chose that moment to abandon the symphonic poem for opera, and won worshippers no less enthusiastic with *Salome* and *Elektra*. Strauss's apostasy was not in itself, however, a refutation of the creed; he may have had reasons of his own for condescending to a less pure form of the art.

The first question is whether music is capable in itself of conveying or suggesting specific ideas, scenes, characters or actions. There is plenty of evidence that scenes and situations suggest musical themes to composers. It is equally evident that musical themes suggest scenes and situations to some musical listeners. Musical criticism is full of pictorial and dramatic interpretations of the masterpieces of instrumental music. But as a rule sonata and symphony no more than fugue or suite convey or were intended to convey definite visual images or a connected story. I think it would be found, if the listeners who say that music does suggest to them pictures or characters were questioned, that the things suggested were rarely the same for the several listeners. Another simple test would be to play as an instrumental piece a song or scene from an opera to a musical audience unacquainted with the words or situation and ask what it represented.

But even if music has no such power to suggest or convey definite images, scenes or characters, it is, on the other hand, abundantly evident that when it is heard with the words of the song or accompanying a drama, it is felt to be the expression of the very soul of the piece. Schumann's "*Ich grolle nicht*" expresses the baffled passion, the despairing scorn, of Heine's words with as great fidelity

as force. The closing scene of *Die Walküre* gives us the very spirit of sleep and fire, of bereavement and sacrifice. Whether, therefore, music can or cannot of itself convey definite images and ideas, it is beyond question that when presented with words or action it can and does express the soul and spirit of the piece.

What, then, is the relation of the music to the poetry in such cases? Is the emotional or descriptive effect of the music merely a result of association, or has the music apart from the poetry its own specific import?

Mr. Cyril Scott, himself endowed with a very happy descriptive gift, has quoted Aristotle's authority for the dictum that music expresses nothing but itself. Aristotle, however, never meant that there was no emotional import in music. He had listened all his life to Greek tragedy in music. Plato so dreaded the emotional effect of some modes of music that he banished them from his Republic. Indeed, for the deepest emotions music is often not only the most powerful, but the only possible expression. When Beethoven wrote his music, he was expressing the very depths of his soul. "From the heart it has come and to the heart it shall penetrate," he said. His sonatas and symphonies have always been felt as messages from soul to soul. Well, in Schubert's or Schumann's songs, or Wagner's operas, this general power of emotional expression is used to express the passion of particular poems or situations. The relation, if I may be permitted a mathematical illustration, is something like that of an algebraical formula to an arithmetical example. In other words, it expresses an emotion wider and more general than the specific instance. Music, says Schopenhauer, expresses the storm of passion or the pathos of feeling with the same pomp of its tones, whether Agamemnon and Achilles or the dissensions of a citizen's family furnish the matter of the piece; by which he means that the music of an opera can express nothing but just naked emotion, while the particularities of scene and circumstance have to be supplied by the dramatic presentation.

Possibly modern critics will think Schopenhauer has gone too far in denying to music all capacity for specific characterisation. It may be the effect of association, but undoubtedly one seems to detect more than a merely emotional appropriateness in contrasting the music of *Figaro's Marriage* with that of the *Magic Flute*, or *Tristan* with the *Meistersinger*, or *Elektra* with the *Rosen-Kavalier*. One cannot conceive Mozart writing the *Cherubino* music for a boy in buttons. Berlioz, at all events, disagrees directly. He asserted that music could make a striking difference between a Queen's grief and a village girl's vexation, between the return of pilgrims from a pilgrimage and a troop

of drovers returning from a fair. But, be that as it may, one thing is certain. Once music and subject have been associated there can be no question of the power of music to convey with the emotion its particular setting and to recall vividly the words and scenes. In spite of his unequalled powers of dramatic and descriptive expression, Wagner himself did not think it possible to make the poetic programme intelligible without the help of words or scenic accessories. This is clear from the rigour with which he forbade performance of instrumental excerpts from his operas before the operas themselves had been performed. He felt there was all the difference in the world between the performing of orchestral excerpts from his operas before and after the operas themselves were familiar to the audience. He told Liszt he saw no objection to such orchestral excerpts once the operas were known. Then the significance of the music could be felt. The immense success of Wagner on the concert orchestra has been the most convincing proof of the effectiveness of programme music, once the listener understands what the music represents and can follow the programme in the music. I cannot help thinking that the recent fashion for programme music is directly due to the success of these performances and that in that sense, if not in Mr. Ernest Newman's, Wagner was a step in the path to Strauss. Some people say these pieces will be played long after the complete operas shall have ceased to be given. Mark Twain at Baireuth longed to hear the orchestra without the voice parts. The question naturally follows:—Why not then have originally composed these works as programme music? For it cannot be denied that in the concert room the music receives a more undivided attention than at the opera. Wagner helped the cause of programme music in another way. The special character of his genius demonstrated the undreamt of resources of modern orchestral music for vivid descriptive colouring and intensity of dramatic expression. The raptures and repentance of *Tannhäuser*, the mystic reverie of *Lohengrin*, the passion of *Tristan*, the genial mediævalism of the *Meistersinger*, the picturesque magic of the *Ring*, the ascetic exaltation of *Parsifal* opened new horizons and evoked in the mind of the modern composer dreams and visions of new worlds to conquer—worlds in which he felt his imagination would be cramped by the conventions and inadequacies of the stage. How, then, should he give these visions form? And the answer was—In programme music.

But certainly Wagner's own authority cannot be cited for this deduction. Descriptive and dramatic as he was, Wagner was a strong and outspoken opponent of programme music. His obligations to Liszt forced him to compromise in dealing with Liszt's own symphonic poems. But, apart from this, his conviction was clear and his dislike

undisguised. He explained himself at length. The gist of his objection is, that it is fatal to the proper enjoyment of music to be distracted by the effort to attach an explicit meaning to it. To produce its effect music must reach the listener's ears, head and heart together. The effect, however complex, must be concrete. See how much less popular Wagner's *Faust* overture is than *Tannhäuser* or *Meistersinger*, for the listener understands the meaning of these while he puzzles over the meaning of the other.

Many people, no doubt, enjoy the music of songs and operas in foreign languages without understanding the meaning. Our dear Dr. Burney, in the 18th century, thought that was the genteel and superior way to enjoy opera. Gluck's reforms, he said, might be all very well for foreigners who understood the language and had inferior singers, but in England, where we had the best singers and nobody understood the foreign language, we should lose more than we gained by interfering with the music for the sake of the drama. Berlioz tells a good story about his third prize competition at the Institute. The subject set was the death of Cleopatra: Berlioz reminds his readers that she died in convulsions after having herself bitten by an asp. It was a subject after Berlioz's own heart, and he laid himself out to express in his music the mental, moral and physical tortures of the queen. The morning after the examination he met Boieldieu, one of the examiners, who threw up his hands, exclaiming, "Good heavens! my dear boy, why did you do it? You had the prize in your hands and you threw it away. How could I approve, I, who like music that soothes and lulls?" It was in vain Berlioz argued that a lullaby was ill adapted to express the agonies of the poisoned and remorse-racked queen. The subject was nothing to Boieldieu. It was everything to Berlioz.

Few would take Dr. Burney's or Boieldieu's line to-day. Dozens of people, no doubt, even to-day enjoy the *Coriolan* and *Egmont* overtures without a thought of the drama. But none would deny that such listeners sacrificed the special effect of the themes, for example, representing *Coriolan*, his mother and the mob. And who would be content to miss the thrilling significance of the trumpet call from without in the 3rd *Leonora* overture?

The position, then, seems to be that programme music is not only a possible but an effective form of the art provided that the listener is familiar with the programme so as to follow the programme in the music. The problem of programme music, therefore, reduces itself to the practical difficulty of putting the listener so effectively in the possession of the programme that he can enjoy simultaneously, without any distracting effort, music and meaning.

How, then, does Strauss meet this difficulty? Well, I believe he simply ignored it. As I understand, he presented originally his symphonic poems without any explicit programme or elucidation except the title. He must, I think, have taken this course for one of three reasons. Either he could hit upon no satisfactory means of accompanying the music with the programme; or he believed that he could by purely musical means make his meaning self-evident; or he preferred, having composed his music to a programme, to leave it to be enjoyed as absolute music.

Let us take the last supposition first. There is some evidence that this is his position. He is reported to have protested that he used the programme merely as a suggestion for new musical forms and effects. In *Don Quixote* he said he showed how a man goes mad over vain imaginings, but he added, "I do not wish to compel any listener to think of Don Quixote when he hears it; he may conceive it as absolute music if it suits him." Well—if he meant this to be taken seriously—he would, after all, be doing what has been done by the greatest composers of absolute music. Beethoven himself said he always had a picture in his mind when he composed, but, with a very few exceptions, the resulting music was presented as absolute music. Haydn told his biographer that he had often depicted moral characters in his symphonies. In one, for example, the ruling idea was how God spoke with a hardened sinner and besought him to mend his ways, but, alas, without result! Who would have suspected Haydn of anything like that? Tartini in composing kept in mind passages from Petrarch and would even inscribe the lines on his MSS.—but, mark you, in cipher. The familiar story of the Devil's Trill is all in keeping. Take a more modern instance. When Weber sat down to play his just finished *Concertstück* to his pupil Julius Benedict, this is what he told him it meant:—

"The lady sits in her tower; she gazes sadly into the distance, her knight has been for years in the holy land; shall she never see him again? Battles have been fought but there is no news of him who is so dear to her. In vain have been her prayers and her longings. A dreadful vision rises in her mind—her knight is lying on the battlefield deserted by his companions; his heart's blood is ebbing fast away. Could she but be by his side! Could she but die with him! She falls down exhausted and senseless. But hark, what is that distant sound? What glimmers in the sunlight from the wood? What are those forms approaching? Knights and squires with the cross of the crusaders, banners waving, acclamations of the people. And there—it is he! She sinks into his arms. What a commotion of love. What an infinite indescribable happiness. The very woods and waves sing the song of true love; a thousand voices proclaim its victory."

Weber had not this scene in his mind merely by way of general

inspiration. He told Rochlitz that the parts of the music followed each other in accordance with the story and received their character from it in a detailed and dramatic manner, and that the form of the work was determined by the story. It was, in fact, programme music in the strictest and most fully developed sense of the term. In spite of this it was from the first performed and is still generally listened to as absolute music, and probably no idea of knight or lady occurs to one hearer in a hundred unless he knows the story. There is further evidence of similar inspiration from without in George Sand's account of the way Chopin composed his Preludes while staying with her in Majorca, if, indeed, that imaginative lady's word is evidence.

With Schumann and Wagner this poetic inspiration became an avowed creed. It was Schumann's creed of the poetic basis of music. It was Wagner's doctrine of the fertilisation of music by poetry. Schumann said he had learned more counterpoint from Jean Richter than from his music-master. He not only himself composed music on a poetic basis, but he was fond of reading poetic fancies into the instrumental music of other masters. In the finale of Beethoven's A major symphony, for example, he saw the merriest wedding, a heavenly bride with a rose in her hair, the village gay with maybloom and wedding favours, the bride's mother pale and tremulous, and so on to the ceremony in the cathedral and the final vow. Once when he was playing a Schubert march with a friend, he asked him what he saw. The friend answered it was as if he were in Seville a hundred years ago with dons and donnas, long trains, pointed shoes and rapiers. And, lo! it was the very vision the music had given Schumann. Such unanimity was surely something of a rarity.

So there is plenty of precedent for Strauss, if that is seriously his position. Only, then, what becomes of the special originality of the symphonic poem? It becomes just a more elaborate song without words. Besides, if the programme helps the composer to compose, a knowledge of the programme would, it might be supposed, help the listener to understand and enjoy.

One cannot but suspect that the second supposition is nearer Strauss's true conviction. Conceiving his subject in terms of music and conscious of his gift of graphic characterisation, he may well have hoped to make the meaning of his music self-evident and his pictures as definite to his hearers as to himself. I have already hazarded the opinion that this is a thing beyond the power of merely instrumental music to achieve. Must that opinion be modified in the face of the achievements of modern programme music? M. Romain Rolland, who is both musician and man of letters, thinks it must. In defending Berlioz's programme music he argues that music is no more vague

than poetry. The art of Beethoven, he says, is as conscious and precise as literary art. In fact, it is a thousand times more exact and more capable of expressing fine shades of feeling. The only difference, according to him, between Beethoven and Berlioz is that while Beethoven expressed his own feelings, Berlioz used the same expressive power of music dramatically. But then M. Rolland passes on one side the particular difficulty with which we are faced in programme music—the practical difficulty of correlating for the hearer, without the help of words or actions, the specific drama with the dramatic music. Did Berlioz himself, in fact, overcome this practical difficulty? Surely not. Berlioz accompanied his *Symphonie Fantastique* with elaborate explanations and, even so, it has hardly achieved more than a *succès d'estime*. And when he followed it up with its sequel, *Lélio*, he was reduced to a grotesque travesty of stage representation. These are his directions: "The invisible orchestra chorus and singers are to be placed on the stage behind the curtain. The actor alone speaks and acts upon the stage in front of the scenes. Upon his exit at the conclusion of his last monologue, the curtain rises and reveals all those taking part in the finale." Berlioz, in fact, was reduced to a frank abandonment of programme music. Nor, I think, can it be successfully maintained that Strauss's remarkable creations have solved the practical problem. Critics most convinced of the legitimacy and value of programme music have not agreed about the significance of the various passages in the music and listeners less enlightened have been altogether bewildered. Impetuous disciples, I understand, after the first performance in London of the *Sinfonia Domestica* almost came to blows in disputing as to when the baby was being bathed and put to bed. Possibly this experience had something to do with Strauss's return to opera. It is to be observed that the pianoforte arrangements provide clues to the programme and the composer consented to semi-official explanations by the commentators.

Some critics expostulated with the master for not being more explicit with his programme, but they were not ready with any practical suggestion as to how he should have managed it. And that brings us back to our point of the practical difficulty. Strauss, like his fore-runners, apparently could not hit upon any effective way to accompany the music with the programme. For this difficulty had been felt before. Weber had thought of giving his programme at length at the performance of his *Concertstück*, but was deterred by the fear of being thought a charlatan. Spohr proposed to have Karl Pfeiffer's poem "Die Weihe der Töne" printed and distributed or recited before the performance of his symphony. Berlioz, as we have seen, was driven to a rather ludicrous stage representation. Mr. Joseph Holbrooke had

Mr. Trench's poem "Apollo and the Seaman" thrown on a lime-light screen, passage by passage, to explain the music as it proceeded. The effect, I have been told, was excruciating.* The cinema,† perhaps, may in the future supply the solution.

So long as the title sufficiently indicates the subject, the difficulty is not acutely felt. Which is the most generally successful of Strauss's symphonic poems? By general consent *Tod und Verklärung*. And why? Because, apart from the beauty of the music, the name *Death and Transfiguration* supplies clue enough for following the musical expression. No hearer can miss the agony or the glory. The next most popular probably are *Don Juan* and *Till Eulenspiegel*, where the gist of the programme is indicated by a story familiar to the listeners. So Liszt for his symphonic poems chose such subjects as *Hamlet*, *Orpheus*, *Prometheus*, *Tasso*, *Mazeppa*. In these cases, as in *Tod und Verklärung*, the programmes were, in fact, existing poems. This is again the case with Debussy's *l'Après Midi d'un Faune*. In his *Faust* and *Dante* symphonies Liszt not only chose for subjects two of the most famous and familiar poems in literature, but further helped the audience by labelling his movements after the Inferno and Purgatorio in the one case, and in the other after Faust, Gretchen and Mephistopheles. In such cases the symphonic poem can do just what Wagner admitted the dramatic overture could do. Wagner praised Mozart for the unerring insight he showed in his operatic overtures: "Without making any effort," he said, "to express what music neither could nor should express, the details and entanglements of the plot, he grasped the leading thought of the drama, stripped it of the inessential and accidental, and presented it in the transfiguring light of music." So Glück's overture to *Iphigeneia in Aulis*, he said, drew in mighty lines the prevailing emotions of the drama. The difficulty begins when the symphonic poem attempts to express what Wagner calls the details and entanglements of the plot or, in the words of the definition in Grove's Dictionary, a definite series of objects or events. It is then that Strauss is reduced to such tricks as the bleating sheep in *Don Quixote*, or the death drop of *Till*. The trouble is serious when the composer quits familiar subjects, or wishes, like Wagner, to be his own poet. This was the trouble with *Das Heldenleben* and the *Sinfonia Domestica*.

Yet it may be worth remarking that the old-fashioned programme composers were not daunted by this difficulty of a detailed programme.

*A recent Life of Holbrooke tells us that the composer realised this.—[Ed.]

†Chap. xii. of G. W. Beynon's *Musical Presentation of Motion Pictures* gives a clear idea of the difficulties of "synchrony."—[Ed.]

Take, for example, Kuhnau's Bible Sonatas published in 1700. Here is the programme of the opening number which represented the combat between David and Goliath :—

The boasting and defying of Goliath: terror of the Israelites and their prayer to God at the sight of this terrible enemy; the courage of David, his desire to humble the pride of the giant and his childlike trust in God; the contest of words between David and Goliath, and the contest itself in which Goliath is wounded in the forehead by a stone, so that he falls upon the ground and is slain by the sword; the exultation of the Israelites over their victory; the praises of David sung by the women in alternate chorus; and, finally, the general joy expressing itself in hearty leaping and dancing.

Kuhnau tackled this programme on a harpsichord! He disclaimed, moreover, all pretension to be a pioneer. He quotes earlier examples, including a sonata entitled *La Medica*, which represented the moaning of the patient and his relatives, and how they ran to the doctor with the tale of their trouble, and ended with a jig meant to represent that the patient was doing well. There was a great outburst of programme pieces in the 18th century. Oddly enough, many of these were battle pieces. One can scarcely imagine a subject less apt for music, especially on a harpsichord; yet many of us may remember the popularity of that singularly ineffective composition *The Battle of Prague*. A composer named Steibelt wrote an overture, *Britannia*, to represent Admiral Duncan's victory over the Dutch fleet. This is the programme :—

The stillness of the night; the waves of the sea; advice from Capt. Trollope (in semiquavers); sailing of the Dutch fleet announced; beat to arms; setting the sails; Britons strike home; sailing of the fleet; songs of the sailors, roaring of the sea; joy in sight of the enemy; cannons; engagement; discharge of small arms; falling of the mast (a descending scale); cries of the wounded; heart of the action; cry of victory; Rule Britannia; sailing after victory; return into port and acclamation of the populace; God Save the King.

This is one specimen of many similar examples. Dussek also did Admiral Duncan's Victory in a piece thus described :—

The Naval Battle and Total Defeat of the Dutch Fleet by Admiral Duncan, October 11, 1797, with a complete and exact delineation of the ceremony from St. James's to St. Paul's on Tuesday, October 19, 1797, on which day their Majesties with both Houses of Parliament went in solemn procession to return thanks to Almighty God for the several naval victories obtained by the British Fleet over those of France, Spain and Holland.

Beethoven himself was swept into the stream and did a Battle of Copenhagen for the piano and a Battle Symphony for the Victory of Vittoria, as thus :—

English drums and trumpets and Rule Britannia, then French drums and trumpets and *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*; then Malbrouck in the minor to signify defeat.

Malbrouck in the minor is a faint precursor of the tortured and dejected fragments of the Marseillaise in Tschaikevsky's "1812." Needless to say, Beethoven's battle symphony is not with the immortal nine. Dussek also wrote a series of short pieces to describe the sufferings of Marie Antoinette:—

The Queen's imprisonment (*largo*); she reflects on her former greatness (*maestoso*); they separate her from her children (*agitato assai*); farewell; they pronounce her sentence of death (*allegro con fuoco*); the situation and reflections the night before her execution (*andante agitato*); the guard comes to conduct her to the place of execution, they enter the prison door, funeral march, the savage tumult of the rabble; the Queen's invocation to the Almighty just before her death (*devotamente*); the guillotine drops (a crashing chord and a descending scale); the apotheosis.

These early composers, one sees, felt no difficulty about conveying in their old-fashioned music on their old-fashioned instruments the most elaborate and detailed programmes. And though they were not great composers they were serious and competent musicians. Moreover, the fashion was general enough and long-lived enough to prove a natural tendency and acceptance. Now since their day the means of musical expression have been vastly increased. Beethoven marvelously deepened and intensified the expressive power of instrumental music. Schubert, Schumann and Brahms in song, and Wagner in opera, have revealed undreamed-of possibilities of descriptive and dramatic interpretation; Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Berlioz and Wagner revolutionised the technique of pianoforte and orchestra. When Liszt, Berlioz and Strauss once more embarked on programme music of an elaborate and detailed kind, so incomparably richer were the resources of orchestral music that it seemed a new birth rather than a revival. Yet what seemed easy to the old composer seems difficult for their more richly endowed successors. What is the explanation? The difficulty, be it understood, is with the audience. Manifestly the composer finds no difficulty in expressing programmes in music. The difficulty lies in making music and programme simultaneously intelligible to the listeners.

Possibly one explanation may be the different conditions then and now of performance. The orchestral symphonic poem demands a concert performance. Music in the old days was not a thing of the concert room. Except for the Church and the theatre, music was chamber-music written generally for comparatively small companies of musical friends. In such companies, the composer indicated his programme on his score and they were all able to follow. For it must be remembered that musical knowledge was common in the older England. Reading a score was hardly, if at all, a rarer accomplishment than reading written literature in the days of "Eliza and our James."

Kings were composers and statesmen might be as musical as Mr. Balfour without risking popular confidence. Sir Henry Hadow has reminded us that a guest at an Elizabethan supper party who could not take his part in a madrigal at sight was the unwelcome exception, and that in the barbers' shops the customer found a lute to play while waiting to be shaved. Poets were composers and composers poets, like Campion and the rest. In the big modern concert room, with an audience only partly educated in music and, indeed, only partly musical, the programme composer has a much more uphill task. If we become again as musical as our forbears and read our musical scores before going to a concert, and know them as we know our Shakespeare before going to a play, then the difficulty of programme music will be at an end.

It has been suggested that there is no more difficulty in reading up beforehand what a piece of music represents than what a picture represents. But the cases are not similar. The picture abides your scrutiny. The music flows and is past. Besides, as Liszt himself said, a tyro at landscape painting can with a few strokes depict a scene for the purpose of identification better than the most consummate composer with the cleverest orchestra. The business of music, he said, was to express how the scene moved the soul to reverie or passion. Now there is not much reverie or passion to be got out of a skeleton programme. To get any reverie or passion out of the programme, you must be able to read the score with the programme, or the programme must already be a familiar poem or poetic subject. But even in this latter case there is the difficulty of identifying the significance of particular passages as they pass. It was this difficulty that drove Dr. Holbrooke to his magic lantern.

Till the happy day comes when we can all read the scores, this difficulty will remain. In the meantime, is the game of programme music worth the candle? Well, as a rule, critical notice boards of "No thoroughfare" are as futile as they are foolish. The spirit of genius bloweth where it listeth. Between the "concourse of sweet sounds" on the one hand and "words set to music" on the other, there has always been a domain of descriptive and dramatic instrumental music. Even in the pedantic old days, when, as Schumann complained, the Graces could not be heard by reason of the multitude of the fugues, poetry would keep breaking in. Since Schumann himself and Wagner poetical music has been at the flood. Programme music seems a natural and even inevitable development of the dramatic overture and the descriptive symphony. The recurrence of the effort to produce it is evidence that it answers to a natural creative impulse. Nor is this all. I have called a cloud of composer witnesses confessing the

inspiration of the poetic idea for the evolution of new musical forms and effects. Song and opera have marvellously widened the range and enriched the resources of merely musical beauty. Dissonances and progression, found intolerable till their beauty was discovered in their dramatic expressiveness in song or opera, have become the staple of later instrumental music. Programme music is playing its part in a like evolution. It is, indeed, Mr. Donald Tovey's theory of programme music that it is a recurring but transitional stage in musical evolution, always appearing when any dominant form has hardened into a sterile obstructive orthodoxy. Nor let us be too much in a hurry to conclude that the practical difficulty is insuperable. The practical difficulties of opera are stupendous and opera has given us Mozart and Wagner. When the genius is born—if Strauss be not he—as irresistibly driven to express himself in programme music as Beethoven in symphony and sonata, as Schubert in song, as Wagner in opera, genius will find the way. In the meantime let those of us who can, enjoy the heroisms of *Das Heldenleben* and the domesticities of the *Sinfonia Domestica*. But, in my judgment, it is on the lines laid down by Wagner for the dramatic overture and in accord with Liszt's view of the scope of descriptive music that programme music (meaning now music with a specific poetic basis) will develop. It is, surely, on these lines that the most poetically inspired of our latest composers are working, giving us not scenes and events, but their atmosphere, their passion, their spirit. In any case, why need the partisans of absolute and programme music rage so furiously? Rather should we be thankful, as Goethe said to Schiller, when their contemporaries would pit them one against the other, to have two such fellows.

W. P. JAMES.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

Creative Technique. By George Woodhouse. Kegan Paul.

It is far from easy to discern any continuity in the thread of Mr. Woodhouse's argument. He begins with a foreword in which Creative Technique is defined as "That quality of performance in which music is temperamentally interpreted": then follows a sketch of the evolution of pianoforte technique, and a statement of the "Theorists' Dilemma" when trying to account for the mysterious thing we call "touch"; then come two chapters entitled respectively "Real Duration" and "Creative Imagination," and by placing in juxtaposition certain passages from these two chapters we are enabled to form some idea of what it *may* be that Mr. Woodhouse wishes to say (although we should hesitate to affirm that it is):

"Music, as stated in the progression of notes and chords, is as unlike the music of our consciousness as the succession of separate snapshots on a cinema film are [*sic*] unlike the pictured life we recognise on the screen. . . . Notes and chords do not merge into each other. The interval is not bridged. . . . The evolving progression which makes music of these fixed sounds exists only in the mind of the listener."

That may pass, although it is not happily expressed, for it suggests that all the composer can do is to present a manifold of sounds on which the listener somehow imposes a unity, whereas all the listener has really to do is to recognise the unity already ideally created by the composer. Then, proceeds Mr. Woodhouse, after a digression:

"The duality of music has its correspondence in technique. There is the mere note technique which suffices to play the instrument, and the musical technique which, co-operating with the former, yet transcending it, expresses *through the sense of touch* [*italics ours*] the continuity of musical feeling, giving unity to phrase and form to composition."

Then he continues, in obvious good faith:

"How this mechanism of the musical touch takes effect is no longer an insuperable problem. . . . At the piano or any instrument, if the thread of continuity is not sensed, the creative faculty plays no part in a performance, with the inevitable result that the music, no matter how intellectually rendered, becomes a cold and artificial succession of sounds. This is the artist's refutation of the devitalised-weight principle and the so-called 'natural-legato' as a means of musical performance."

How you can "sense" an ideal unity like the form of a composition; why this imaginary process should be called "creative," or why it should depend on one theory of piano-technique rather than another; what this presentation or realisation of musical form has to do with the "temperament" of the performer—on all these points we have

to confess ourselves as completely in the dark as when we started. Perhaps we ought to have sensed Mr. Woodhouse's drift instead of trying to understand it.

R. O. M.

A Picture of Modern Spain. By J. B. Trend. Constable.

Mr. Trend's book is not ostensibly about music, and we do not therefore propose to review it as a whole in these columns. But it may not be out of place to inform music lovers that Mr. Trend (himself an amateur in the true sense of the term) has taken the opportunity to tell us a good deal about Spanish music that we did not know before. His book is written from a humanist point of view: humanism is interested in the drama, and the drama is the peg on which Mr. Trend hangs most of his musical disquisitions. Between them these cover virtually the whole history of incidental music in the Spanish theatre. Some forty pages are devoted to this subject, and a good deal of interesting detail is packed within this compass, although Mr. Trend's main concern has rightly been to give a clear outline. There are also three other musical essays, entitled respectively "The Mystery of Elche" (which is already familiar to readers of this journal), "Saragossa and the Troubadour," and "Music in the Gardens of Granada." In the last of these the author gives an account of his first meeting with Manuel de Falla, whom he evidently regards as the leader of modern musical thought in Spain.

R. O. M.

Negro Folksongs. Hampton Series. By Natalie Curtis. Schirmer and Co., New York.

These songs must be extraordinarily interesting to an American, of whose land they are (and almost his national music), as they certainly are bound up with his associations and affections. And those of us who have heard these "Spirituals" here lately can put ourselves by his side in imagination and hear them, as it were, with his ears; what we have heard with our own has been a very fervent and simple expression of religious feeling. We could never adopt it or imitate it; we are direct but not so simple, and sincere but not so fervent. The age of reason can never go back to the age of faith, however much it may treasure the relics of that music, as of that painting, or of that architecture, which it may possess.

The age of reason will, however, find another interest in these songs, of which the singers themselves are quite unconscious. Europeans will hear in this four-part harmony, at which the Negroes arrived by a quite independent route, their own musical history in the making. The collector of the songs tells us that whenever she tried to get one voice by itself, the "Lead" (the Cantus), who carried the melody, was usually asked to make things easy by humming at the same time; and we remember how "parts" were, with us, first added below, not above, the tune. Then the voices move, as a rule, by "similar" motion; and we know how long it took us to invent "contrary" motion. Again, there are passage chords that have only melodic, no harmonic, meaning; and these explain some forbidding-looking progressions about the time of Dufay and Binchois. There

is a special harmonic cliché with which they habitually end, and this reminds us how we are able to place an unsigned piece of music of our own continent in its right century by a glance at the cadence (if the last page is intact). The voices tend very strictly to preserve their "mode" (in this case a pentatonic), just as, with us, ecclesiastical harmony took a long time to shake itself free of the melodic modes. The one thing to which we have no counterpart is their strong syncopation, our rhythmical devices having taken instead the direction of minute and various subdivisions of the time-unit. Altogether a very human document.

The Dictionary of Organs and Organists. Mate and Son.

This book successfully supplies the answer to three questions—what kind of organs am I likely to find in any part of the British Empire where I may happen to be, whom am I to ask for permission to put my hands on the keys, and where is now a friend of mine who used to be organist at ——— ? In a book of nearly 500 pages the publishers feel called upon to regret possible omissions and information which is out of date. We have not found any of importance; but *per contra* we have noticed at least one case where they have exercised what an important man called on an important occasion "an intelligent appreciation of events even before they occur." The arrangement is entirely lucid. There is a good list of the builders of the Tudor and Stuart periods which stops just before Renatus Harris, who will perhaps come into next year's issue; an article on the study of Church music; an interesting forecast of the future of organ building (by Dr. Bédart of Lille) not, perhaps, so lucidly expressed as it might be; and a bibliography of the organ with over seven hundred entries. The book confines itself to British-made organs. It might be worth while to include a list of books of the same scope as its own for America and the Continental countries.

The Organ, a Quarterly Review. Published at the Office of Musical Opinion.

A new quarterly. To no form of journalistic enterprise could this magazine hold out a more sympathetic hand—perhaps because it knows both the pleasures and the pains. And, if a quarterly devoted to a particular instrument, then obviously the organ, which is the instrument which somehow has taken hold of the Englishman by the heartstrings. There is a great deal to be said about it, much more than the writer of this review, for one, knows, but much less than he will read with interest—if it does not become too technical. One hints a fear of that because music, generally speaking, requires broadening rather than narrowing, and because music is not acoustics. But in the same breath one admits that there are no conspicuous signs of narrowing in Vol. I. No. 1. The two articles by Mr. Andrew Freeman are of interest to organ worshippers who revel (presumably) in "ijđ" (for twopence) and a profusion of capitals and final e's. Incidentally, "A fifth (fifteenth)," designating a stop, refers to some mode of reckoning with which we are not familiar. The "Organ in Seville Cathedral," which looks down on the Dance of the Seises and plays those irreverent tunes, is the very thing we wanted to know

about; and here it is. "Couperin's Organ" is lightly and pleasantly written about by Dr. Eaglefield Hull. "Organs in Cinemas" is another guess thing; we have noted the thirty-three etceteras of the organ in the Regent Picture House, Brighton, as things to listen to and puzzle out as soon as they are in being. The "Position of the Church Organ" (E. E. Adcock) seems to be firmly established, out of the mouths of many witnesses, on the rood-screen; but we are not told where it is to be when there is no rood-screen. Of the specifications the future Westminster Cathedral, with a pedal of 15 stops, looks exciting, although five are extensions and one a double extension; one only wonders—in a kind of lay way—whether it will sound a little dead without any form of mixture, or whether something else compensates for the absence of that. This number has some interesting illustrations.

From the Organ Loft. By Alfred H. Allen, with a Foreword by Sir Henry Hadow. Basil Blackwood, Oxford.

This is a very short pamphlet putting into plain words what "those few quiet souls who suffer in silence" feel about the conduct of the service in some churches. Much of it has been said before, but it can hardly be said too often, since the change desired can come only from a change in public opinion. Mr. Allen is not afraid to criticise, but he has many alternatives to offer to the baneful music in which dullness, complacency, apathy, ignorance and commercialism have led us to acquiesce. The choice of music has been determined by the likings, or supposed likings, of these or those persons, not, he says, by the only test that ought to be applied—Is this a suitable thing to give to Almighty God? That is certainly the true test, but one is afraid it is not the same as the test upon which his argument is based—Does this music satisfy the most appreciative musicians? For there are many worshippers without a musical ear. However, leaving argument, we agree with the instances he gives of what is good and what bad. His idea of choir and organ recitals suggests a practical use for the hymn-prelude which, in the voluntary, is too far away from its corresponding hymn and which has no place assigned for it in the service, and so has been, in this country, a homeless wanderer.

The Music of India. Heritage of India Series. By Herbert A. Popley. Association Press, Calcutta.

The music of India is a mass of facts through which it is difficult to get at the underlying ideas. There is the music of this village or that river, in a more general way the music of this State or that, and beyond those a large generalisation may be made of the music of the North and South and, possibly, of the East. Still—and this is all that concerns us—Indian music is very different as a whole from European. It is so different that it takes a month of hard listening to notice any distinctions in it—to get rid of the idea that it is "all in the minor key"—another month to like it, and another to be sure that it is as intimate an expression of feeling as our own. The difference is supposed to consist in some mysterious things called "quartertones." No doubt something exists in their music which has been given this name, but it is not the "halfway house" of a

semitone. They sing no interval that we did not sing before we introduced (for good purposes of our own) first "mean tone" and then "equal" temperament. The difference lies elsewhere—in strange consecutions of intervals, in elaborate grace notes and in manifold rhythms. The Hindu will sing something that gives us the impression of an E major chord—B G♯ F♯ E F♯ G♯ B, for instance, but then he will go on with C D♭ C, and end there, and we are completely at sea—at least, until we learn his method of navigation.

The only true way of learning it is to go to India and "pick it up," as we would go to France or Spain and pick up French or Spanish. No book can help us much, and this book does not even aim at doing so. It is written for Anglo-Indians, particularly for missionaries, and assumes all through that the sounds it speaks of will be familiar to its readers' ears. As such it is well planned and extremely well carried out, especially when one remembers the great difficulty of getting correct proofsheets from native presses. It handles a regular antheap of facts—Indian "facts" seldom stand still to be examined—with admirable conciseness. It is based upon the labours of many predecessors, but yet contributes much that is new, particularly with regard to Sanskrit treatises of the last four centuries—those weird documents which might be likened to a will written in algebra with the numerical coefficients left out, in which a sentence may mean all those things which patient cross-reference has not proved that it cannot mean. Mr. Popley has given in 135 small pages an accurate and clear account of a particularly confused subject; there is no sloppy enthusiasm over a thing that has obviously moved him; and here and there, especially in a couple of pages on the grace notes, his brevity rises to eloquence.

NOTE.

Mr. Harold Reeves, the well-known music dealer, of 210, Shaftesbury Avenue, has made a welcome innovation by issuing a separate catalogue of books on music, as distinct from music itself. Hitherto no discrimination, as a rule, has been made between the two branches; it is impossible to imagine anything more chaotic than the ordinary catalogue. The present one is classified under 13 headings and contains nearly 2,000 volumes—not rarities for the bibliophile, but works of technical or general interest for the student, amateur and professional alike.

CORRESPONDENCE

FREE THOUGHT AND THE MUSICIAN

SIR,—By a strange weakness of human nature man is led to consider any change as an improvement and any re-awakened interest as an actual advance. We are prone to regard symptoms of progress as a proof that it is taking place. The public, which detests the labour of critical examination, loves that false rhetorical method which leaves it with the reflection that it has been thinking and has found that respected but unwonted exercise remarkably easy: whereby the sense of duty and self-esteem are brought to meet in comfortable kisses—a splendid result at insignificant cost. It may well be doubted if any real harm results for the general public so far as the familiar orator is concerned. Our own love of change is itself our best safeguard against the specious rhetoric of the tub. But, most unhappily, the same precocity of judgment is fairly common among those who really do think: who are equipped by nature for the real thing: who cannot, like the tub-thumper, be disposed of by a well-directed satire. When such men shout "Progress," where there is no advance a harmless pastime becomes a calamity. A gifted anti-dogmatist arises to attack an old dogma. It is clear, of course, that he cannot do so without erecting a new one: but that is not the point at present. The important thing is, just here, that his action, in and for itself, is a symptom of progress, and is generally taken for the real thing, without protest even from those who know better. It is unfair to cavil at the negativity of all such new-born doctrines. In their inception they are bound to be mere denials, and, as such, doomed to perish: as, indeed, they have done in incredible numbers. But the attempted constructive systems we may justly criticise. The monumental works of Messrs. McCabe and Robertson provide a wealth of examples of such philosophies, which have had an unhappy habit of breaking under quite everyday strain. Their gloomy *débris* is often more scorned by the system which supplants them than the ancient well-tried doctrine they were intended to replace: and such, I am afraid, is the tragic story of Freer Thought, which term I prefer to the usual one because it has some meaning.

When, therefore, Dr. Walker refers to the recent "undoubted advances" in religious thought one is tempted into a flippant suggestion that the only thing really advanced is doubt. It is certain that doubters have done good: but it was rarely what they intended or even approved. To their beneficent influence was due the change, duly noted by Dr. Walker, from a universal indifferentism to a more restricted faith: and no more admirable illustration than his own have I ever seen. Handel and Mendelssohn were, indeed, mere officials, business men to an unhealthy degree: persons who found it profitable

to set religious words, or pretended such, whether they felt inspired or not. What a difference there is between the spiritual average of their work and the sustained religious feeling of the Brahms *Requiem*! And this change in attitude must, in honesty, be recognised as the work of Freer Thinkers. It was their child, indeed, but a child unintentional and unwanted. It was born not of a union between their intellects and a hungry, untaught world, but of an opposition set up by themselves against an aged tradition. Freer Thought has lit no candle to guide our feet: but it has kindled a fire to try our souls. And I, for one, am grateful.

Dr. Walker, however, ascribes the change to an entirely different cause. In his view people do not write oratorios now because "they deal with things that are dead." To judge from his music Brahms found these things very much alive. He seems to me, indeed, to have seen much more clearly than his predecessors what that life meant. No doubt he intended to be unorthodox, but he succeeded in being more orthodox than Handel or Mendelssohn. There is more definite Christian doctrine in the *Requiem* than in *Judas*, *Elijah*, or even the *Messiah*. Once more we see a result which, as I have been at some pains to indicate, the history and, in fact, the nature of Freer Thought might lead us to expect. It may, of course, be objected that, having chosen a particular art-form, Brahms was forced to select words suitable for the occasion, but the answer is so obvious that it may with more than safety be left to the imagination. To return to Dr. Walker's theory of the decay of the oratorio. Is it not much more likely that the oratorio has fallen from its pedestal because it is a Protestant art-form, and as such has shared in the general decay? To hear such works was to 18th and 19th century England an act of worship, sometimes a kind of indulgence for non-attendance at ordinary services, or a concession to a subconscious feeling of duty. It would appear that religious people nowadays care more for doctrine than for music, since the number of ordinary services, even in quite Evangelical churches, has largely increased since the days of Mendelssohn.

In basing the "spiritual validity" of music on its "expression of individually realised mysticism," Dr. Walker seems to identify the æsthetic and the religious emotions: in which I think him psychologically wrong. The two are near indeed: but they do not coincide. All great music depends on the mystical sense for what may broadly be called its spiritual validity: but that sense is the portal, not the shrine; important only because it suggests something beyond itself. If that something be any theory of divine governance, any set of answers to the eternal questions, then, and then only, do we get religious music. And I am inclined to believe that the "book" matters more than Dr. Walker seems to think. The point deserves longer and more careful treatment. I will merely ask just now if the *Ring* inspires exactly the same quality of emotion as *Parsifal*, or if the *Beatitudes* would impress one in just the same way if they were a setting of passages from the Platonic dialogues. The obvious reply that it is all a matter of association is met by the equally obvious retort that associations are necessary. No one can usefully grope about in a mystic atmosphere without some materials for thought. The question is almost whether one set of associations is as inspiring as another in the religious sense.

Questions of conscience among organists are probably far rarer than Dr. Walker thinks. I have said that we owe to Freer Thought

the institution of a refiner's fire, and every year it becomes more true that no professing Christian may dare claim, under pain of sneers (not from Dr. Walker), either sincerity or intellectual power. Against this importation of political spirit into religious questions he would certainly protest, but it has, as usual, an unintended result. By affording a real test of conviction it goes far to prove the good faith of such as, even in this age, call themselves Christians. So many other spheres of musical activity are now open to them that organists who stick to their lofts are probably believers. Since readiness to endure for a faith is the only real test of its sincerity, there is no reason whatever for Christian bitterness against those who have taken on them the thankless rôle of Shaitan the Tryer.

No friend of truth, however humble, can fail to share in Dr. Walker's welcome to Freer Thought. I lose no opportunity of reading it, and have frequently encouraged others to do likewise, in the sure and certain hope that they would, sooner or later, come to the same conclusion as I—that it leads nowhere. The instincts of man count for something. We have all, I imagine, a congenital disinclination to being left in the air, or to being conducted along an attractive highway which ends in a trackless desert. The question "Whither?" is a fair one to both sides, and the Christians have at least a definite answer. The art of living, like other arts, demands some directional principle, and on the force and authority of the principle depends the achievement of the art. It is significant that the best work of man has crystallised, as it were, about some guiding line of uncompromising dogma, involving a discipline which galls the shoulders of the modern man. He demands a thing that never was or can be on earth—a discipline with which he can always agree.

If I were asked (as is improbable) what was the best way of coming to an appreciation of, say, music, I should venture much the same kind of advice as Pascal gave to de Méré. I should not think it unfair to suggest study in the spirit of an ordinary receptive child, or that the seeker should attend concerts. The only approach to any art is through the gate of humility. Such an approach to religion is impossible to scientist and humorist alike. One is obsessed with the deceptive invariableness of natural law, the other with an exaggerated confidence in the goodness and dignity of man. *Abêtir* is a rough word, but it expresses a brutal truth.

Dr. Walker is as concerned as I or anyone for the good of humanity. He would scarcely deny that the Christian sects are few in comparison with the multitudinous schools of non-orthodox thought, or that most of the doctors therein could count their adherents on their fingers. He would probably admit that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a single point of constructive doctrine on which they would certainly agree. The question then arises: are we to bind or to scatter? Were my whole stock-in-trade merely a feeling that the Christian ethic was high and widely accepted I should at least decline to clog its machinery. After all, it is "the discovery of life and time," an achievement probably beyond my best endeavours. If there be anyone really born to set it right he will hardly begin by "scrapping" it.

The critic who best succeeds is surely he who can most nearly take the author's standpoint, who can realise and reproduce in himself the thoughts and emotions which inspired the original. For perfect criticism mere understanding is therefore not sufficient. We can all understand many things with which we cannot agree. While, then, it is

wrong to say that the Freer Thinker cannot understand religious music, it is true that he can never enter that inmost circle whose centre is the composer's heart. "What does it matter if we visualise the *Sanctus* of the B minor Mass with quite other eyes than Bach's?" asks Dr. Walker. What I have just written makes further comment needless.—Your obedient servant, S. H. KENWOOD.

THE CONCERT AUDIENCE

SIR,—May I say a word in defence of a long-suffering and much-vilified section of the public, viz., the Concert Audience? Some little time ago the critics suffered all the hard knocks; now they fall to the lot of the audience, which takes them, it must be admitted, with admirable equanimity. (Can it be that it really does not mind?)

In the April number of your interesting magazine there are two examples which will show to what I allude. In one article* the audience is described as "not cultured" and as "coming only because it is *bon ton*." In another* an amusing and probably quite correct description is given of the boredom endured by various eminent persons, among whom are Mr. Arnold Bennett and the writer of the article, when listening to classical music. Their sufferings are contrasted with the pleasure of the audience at the Palladium when hearing what one may, I think, without offence, term rubbish. Now I contend that musical taste is no longer a necessity of *bon ton*. Knowledge of two-steps and fox-trots, a certain acquaintance with the doings of "heavy-weights" and a fluent use of the latest motoring slang, are surely qualifications which will carry any aspirant to the giddiest social heights. It may for some obscure reason be necessary that Mr. Arnold Bennett should listen to Beethoven, whose music bores him, but the average person happily can go to hear music or not, as he pleases, and he can (and does) choose music to which he cares to listen.

Why are the concerts at which great classical works are performed always well attended? Why are festivals of the music of Bach and Beethoven invariably crowded? Why are the Friday evening promenade concerts packed with people who go after a day's work, often at great inconvenience, and who stand through a long classical programme with obvious enjoyment? We have been called a hypocritical nation, but it is quite impossible to think that we carry hypocrisy so far as to spend time and money on what gives no pleasure simply because we believe it to be "the thing."

There is a proportion of sensation-mongers in most audiences, and also a proportion of puzzled folk who honestly wish to become familiar with new works, but who lack the technical training, which makes the study of a new idiom an exciting game. These are naturally left in a tentative attitude at the close of a long composition which conveys nothing to them, except the extreme cleverness of writing so many notes and expressing so little beauty. But there are no signs of want of appreciation when the great works which have

* Vol. II., pp. 121 and 163.

stood the test of time are adequately given. Audiences are composed of ordinary human beings who know what they like, and who go where they think they can get it. As I write a dread possibility occurs to me. What if, where the audience has at last realised its painful and despised position, it should decide on a great strike? One's brain reels at the idea of reversals that might happen. The critics would then be the audience!—Yours faithfully,

ELIZABETH TORRENS-JOHNSON.

A NOTE ON PURCELL'S MUSIC

SIR,—In the April number, p. 159, I quoted Orlando Gibbons's tune to Wither's Song XIII. from the *Hymnes and Songs of the Church*, 1623, and implied that no modern hymn-book had reproduced it correctly. I regret to say that I overlooked at the moment the excellent Oxford Hymn Book, and I owe an apology to the editors, Dr. Harwood and the present Bishop of Ripon, who duly give the tune as printed by Gibbons. Hoping that you will allow me to make this correction—I am, yours obediently,

GODFREY E. P. ARKWRIGHT.

THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JAMES W. COOPER
ESQ.
OF NEW-YORK

A HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME
BY
JAMES W. COOPER
ESQ.
OF NEW-YORK

'Phone : Gerrard 1169.

Telegrams : "Incorpms. Ox, London."

THE LONDON AND CONTINENTAL MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

(Incorporating EDITION MUSICALE BELGE.)

40 & 41, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W. 1.

SOLE AGENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN
AND COLONIES FOR THE FAMOUS

Universal Edition

Catalogues, containing over 6,000 numbers, Post Free on application.

SOLE AGENTS. ALSO FOR

Cranz Edition

JUST PUBLISHED.

SONATE I for Piano, by Kaikohsru Sorabji. Price 10s. net.

2 PIECES " " " " " " 4/6 "

Music Importers.

Sole Representatives in Great Britain of most of the largest Continental and American Publishers. Music for Orchestra, various Instruments, Vocal Works, &c. Tutors for all Instruments. Miniature Scores.

Agents for "SUMMIT" and "CATHEDRAL" Strings.

The British Strings.

The Trade are requested to apply for our advantageous trade terms.

ANY MUSIC COLLECTED FOR OUR CLIENTS.

Postal Coaching.

Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc.

(London, Dublin and Durham.)

A.R.C.O. and F.R.C.O.

(Next January Examinations.)

Dr. Norman Sprankling has arranged a special series of postal lessons for Candidates for the above Examinations. These lessons are specially designed to give a complete grip of all vital points essential to success. Candidates who have previously failed to pass, and also those entering for the first time, should communicate with

DR. NORMAN SPRANKLING,

Mus. Doc. (Lond.),

48, Linden Road, Redland, Bristol.

Telephone: Bristol 3033.

VOCAL TALENT AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

Nearly 2,000 men blinded in the war have been trained at St. Dunstan's. Of these a small number are possessed of vocal talent which has been properly trained. An appeal is made to Masonic Lodges and organisers of concerts, both large and small, musical evenings, etc., to give these men a hearing with a view to engagements. Sympathetic employment is not asked, for only men with real talent will be recommended. Please reply to—

CAPT. IAN FRASER,
Headquarters of St. Dunstan's,
Inner Circle,
Regent's Park, N.W. 1.

A NEW PAPER in the form of a
Causerie for Musicians, entitled

FANFARE

will be issued on
OCTOBER THE FIRST,

PRICE SIXPENCE

Edited by LEIGH HENRY
and Published by
GOODWIN & TABB, LTD.,

FANFARE will contain
Special Cover Designs, Musical
Articles, Cartoons, Poems, Short
Belles Lettres, and Contributions
by Artists, Writers and Musicians
:: of International Reputation ::

No. 1 will contain a Supplement of
the Music to Fanfares specially com-
posed by BANTOCK, BAX, BLISS,
GOOSSENS, DE FALLA and
STRAVINSKY, to be followed by
others in subsequent numbers.

GOODWIN & TABB, LTD.,
34, Percy Street, London, W. 1.

The Pian-or-Transposer

(Prov. Patent No. 12167.)

THE MUSICIANS' READY-RECKONER.



This little machine will be found invaluable for transposing any music—songs, piano, organ or orchestra—with speed and accuracy. A real time-saver as testified by leading Conductors and Instrumentalists.

Price 7s. 6d. post free from

THE MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY,
45, Bath Street, Birmingham,
or from all Music-sellers.

DANIEL MAYER COMPANY LTD.

GRAFTON HOUSE, GOLDEN SQ., PICCADILLY, W. I.

Forthcoming Concerts include:—

Phones: REGENT 2971-8-9.

TILLY KOENEN

(The Dutch Contralto).

Three Song Recitals

AT
WIGMORE HALL.

Tuesdays { OCT. 4, at 8.15.
NOV. 18, at 3.15.
DEC. 20, at 8.15.

Pianoforte—HAROLD CRAXTON.
Steinway Piano.

Tickets, 12/-, 5/9 and 3/-
at Hall and Agents.

MARK HAMBOURG

(only Recital in London
this season)

AT
QUEEN'S HALL

Sole Lessees, Chappell & Co., Ltd.

Monday, Oct. 31, at 8.15.

(First appearance since his
successful Tour throughout
South Africa.)
Steinway Piano.

Tickets, 12/-, 8/6, 5/9, 3/-
at Hall and Agents.

RUTH DRAPER

AT
WIGMORE HALL.

Thursday afternoon,
October 13, at 3.15.

ORIGINAL
CHARACTER
SKETCHES.

Tickets, 12/-, 5/9 and 3/-
at Hall and Agents.

Personal Announcements.

STEUART WILSON will give a SONG RECITAL

On Tuesday, Oct. 4, at 9 p.m.,

containing
A new song cycle from "The Shropshire Lad,"
by JOHN IRELAND,

New songs by R. O. Morris and Rebecca Clarke,
and three new songs for string trio and voice,
by VAUGHAN WILLIAMS,

at
ÆOLIAN HALL.

Tickets to be obtained from Box Office, Æolian Hall,
usual Agents, and the E. L. Robinson Direction,
175, Piccadilly, W. I. Telephone: Gerrard 6833.

C. HUGH ROWCLIFFE, F.R.C.O.

Organist and Musical Director of St. Magnus,
London Bridge, E.C.

Organist to The People's Palace, London, E., The Town
Sofa Association, The Shaftesbury Society, etc.

For Recitals, Accompanist for Choral Festivals, 75 vacant
dates, please address 193, Coventry Road, Ilford.

MISS MARGARET LAYTON,

Soprano Vocalist.

Returned from Nice. Available for Oratorios, Concerts, &c.
2, Fulham Park Road, S.W. 6. Phone: Putney 1277.

DR. FRANK A. CHAPPLE,

Mus.Doc. (Dunelm), F.R.C.O.

Correspondence Coach for Mus.Bac., R.C.O., L.R.A.M.,
A.R.C.M. examinations.

Special tuition for Metric and R.C.O. Essay.

For terms apply The Mount, Pontefract, Yorks.

MRS. J. R. MAITLAND,

ASSOCIATE OF THE ROYAL MANCHESTER COLLEGE OF MUSIC,

ASSOCIATE OF THE MADRID CONSERVATOIRE OF MUSIC,

Pupil of Neroda, Backhaus, Egon Petri, W. Carroll, &c.

Bosoni Method.

Lessons in Advanced Pianoforte Technique and
Interpretation.

Broadwood Studios, Mondays. Wigmore Studios, Tuesdays.
And at Lusitania, Curzon Avenue, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. TEACHING SINGING EXAMS.

Special Correspondence Course and personal tuition.

Complete preparation. **Many Recent Successes.**

Pupil writes: "Your Course is excellent, and my singing
work has greatly improved, thanks to your tuition. A. F."

MR. W. LEE WEBSTER, L.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

(Teacher Singing).

22, LUCKNOW AVENUE, NOTTINGHAM.

MISS J. BLAKE, A.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.

(Registered Teacher of Singing).

prepares pupils for L.R.A.M. and A.R.C.M. Exams., as
Teacher or Performer. Highest Recommendations.

Studio, Cramers, 130, New Bond Street, W. I.

VOICE-TRAINING (AS IN MILAN). SINGING.

SIGNOR MARELLI, 66, Shandwick Place, Edinburgh.

Complete Instruction by Correspondence.

Booklet, "How to become a Singer," post free 10s.

YOUR ANNOUNCEMENTS

Can appear under above heading at the special prepaid
rate of One Shilling per line (minimum three lines). Dis-
played announcements at Ten Shillings per inch. Ten per
cent. discount for four quarterly insertions.—All letters to
the Advertisement Manager, 23, Essex Street, London,
W.C. 2.

**THE SMALLEST
MUSICAL MAGAZINE
IN THE WORLD**



The CHESTERIAN

Edited by G. JEAN-AUBRY

The Magazine of Progressive Tendencies

Eight Numbers per annum.

Subscription, 5/-

*First Number of the Third Year:
September 15th, 1921*

FULL PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION

Contributions by the Principal Musical
Writers in Great Britain, France, Belgium,
Holland, Italy, Poland, Russia, Scandinavia,
Spain, Switzerland, U.S.A., etc., etc.

Published by . . .

**J. & W. CHESTER, Ltd., 11, Great Marlborough Street,
London, W.1.**

SONG-TRANSLATIONS.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The Times—

The problem of translating foreign songs into the English language is most naturally the concern of *Music and Letters*, and the July number of that admirable quarterly takes it in hand seriously. . . . We hope that singers will put to the practical test the experiments offered by *Music and Letters*.

Daily Telegraph—

The chief feature of the current number of *Music and Letters*, the leading music magazine we possess, is an article on the subject of "Song-Translation" by the Editor. The article is full of sound sense, and on the whole he is to be congratulated upon his success in gathering together a large assortment of translations of familiar songs by Schubert, &c.

Daily Mail—

Singers will find a boon in the set of translations for 31 of Schubert's songs by various authors; not at all the wretched doggerel usually offered as English versions of classical songs, but cultivated writing by careful hands. . . . Mr. Fox Strangways has well begun a valuable work.

Sunday Times—

I hope everyone concerned, or who contemplates being concerned, in the translation of songs and operas will read Mr. Fox Strangways' shrewd article on that subject in the current number of *Music and Letters*. It will make him reflect on the difficulty of his problem: it may—though this is perhaps too much to hope for—make him see so many difficulties in the problem that he will forswear translation for the rest of his days.

The Queen—

One welcomes a pregnant article on the subject ("Song-Translation") in the current issue. Mr. Fox Strangways rightly draws attention to the neglected art of song-translation, and states that it has, "like any other art, a technique and an ideal." . . . The author's delicious sense of humour and easy entertaining style make us forget that the article is in any way technical. It is the most refreshing thing I have read for a long time.

Referee—

The article on "Song-Translation" should be read by all who are interested in the subject. It expresses what every earnest singer must have felt.

Musical Times—

The Editor's article on "Song-Translation" is extremely useful and very valuable. Most people who have really tried will agree with all he says of the intrinsic difficulty of producing any satisfactory translation which will also be singable, and there is much shrewdness in his criticism of detail.

Manchester Guardian—

A competition which promises to become a serious campaign for the betterment of song-translations and their distribution among the general musical public. The judges, Mr. Plunket Greene, Mr. Walter Ford and Mr. C. L. Graves, are men of authority, and the Editor writes a very helpful and lucid article on the difficulties and requirements of song-translation. . . . We like the systematic attack on the problem, and everything should be welcomed which tends to take the writing of English translations out of alien hands.

Glasgow Herald—

In a magazine called *Music and Letters* the subject of song-translation was certain to turn up sooner or later. In this excellent quarterly the Editor treats the subject with a full understanding of its difficulties.

Western Morning News—

Considerable attention is being paid to this important subject in the excellent little periodical referred to, and in his purposeful article in the current number the Editor states the problem clearly and with a pleasant humour.

Liverpool Post—

The current issue of *Music and Letters* contains an excellent article by the Editor on "Song-Translation," together with about thirty actual translations, by various writers, of Schubert songs. . . . It is a pleasure to commend this admirable publication, which is at once scholarly and readable.

Derby Mercury—

Mr. Fox Strangways deserves congratulations on his success in gathering together a large assortment of translations of familiar songs by Schubert.

A few copies of the July Number can still be obtained, price 5/3 post free,
The Manager, MUSIC AND LETTERS, 22, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. 2.

THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

(PUBLISHED IN AMERICA)

O. G. SONNECK, Editor.

October, 1921.

CONTENTS.

(Subject to change.)

MUSIC MELODIOUS AND ODIUS.

Carl Engel (Boston.)

ARCHITECTURAL ACOUSTICS.

Arthur Elson (Boston.)

THE MAN BEETHOVEN: AN ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.

Alexander Wheelock Thayer.

CARMEN: NOVEL AND LIBRETTO—A DRAMATURGIC ANALYSIS.

Edgar Istel (Madrid).

WHITHER? Frank Patterson (Paris.)

TWO UNPUBLISHED LISZT LETTERS TO MOSONYI.

Bela Bartok (Budapest).

MEDICAL MEN WHO HAVE LOVED MUSIC.

Fielding H. Garrison (Washington, D.C.).

AMERICAN INDIAN CRADLE-SONGS.

Natalie Curtis (New York).

ON HEARING WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT.

Carl Van Vechten (New York).

THE MUSIC OF SHADWELL'S "TEMPEST."

William Barclay Squire (London).

NAPOLEON, MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

J. G. Prod'Homme (Paris).

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY.

20/- A YEAR.

At 3 East 43rd Street,
New York, N.Y.

5/- A COPY.

Entered as secondclass matter, December 31, 1914, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y.,
under the Act of March 3, 1879.

OBTAINABLE FROM

WINTHROP ROGERS, LTD.

18, BERNERS ST., LONDON, W. 1.

NEW YORK
G. SHIRMER.

BOSTON
BOSTON MUSIC CO.

